The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For permission to reproduce Mr. William Nicholson's characteristic drawing of Mr. J. M. Barrie we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Outlook*.

Of the many famous actors and actresses who have been associated with the plays of Mr. J. M. Barrie, one thinks most readily perhaps of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Cyril Maude—but the list is too long to continue. Miss Pauline Chase is away in America, others of those we have named are just now absent from London, but, discussing their favourite parts with certain of them who have acted in more than one of the plays, we are told by

Miss Hilda Trevelyan:

"I have played eight parts in Mr. J. M. Barrie's plays, namely: Maggie Wylie in 'What Every Woman Knows'; Wendy in 'Peter Pan'; Kate in 'The Twelve-Pound Look'; Tweeny in 'The Admirable Crichton'; Amy and Richardson in 'Alice-sit-by-the-Fire'; Moira in 'Little Mary'; and Babbie in 'The Little Minister.' I have loved playing them all, but my favourites are Maggie and Wendy."

Mr. Lyn Harding says:

"In 1893 I essayed the part of Kit Upjohn in 'Walker, London.' This was in India and China. When 'The Admirable Crichton' was revived at the Duke of York's Theatre, I appeared in the character of Crichton, and I think I may safely say it was one of the most delightful characters I have ever endeavoured to portray."

Mr. Gerald du Maurier says:

"Those of Mr. Barrie's plays that I have appeared in are: 'Peter Pan,' 'Pantaloon,' 'Little Mary,' 'The Admirable Crichton,' 'What Every Woman Knows,' and a little skit called 'A Slice of Life.' It is difficult to say which piece gave me the greatest pleasure to be in, as most of Mr. Barrie's characters are such charming people that it is a delight to be any one of them—even eight times a week. I think perhaps I got more enjoyment out of Captain Hook, as I had more scope individually. The other parts were, more or less, what are called in actor's phraseology 'cast-iron'; that is to say, to fail in one of

Photo by E. O. Hoppe. **Maurice Le Blanc.**

Author of "Arsène Lupin," whose new novel, "813," has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

them would prove an actor to be unfit for his job. 'Pantaloon' was the one I found most difficult, as the first speech was over 1,200 words, and had to be spoken to music, which is never an easy thing to do. 'A Slice of Life' was pure burlesque, and a sheer delight to play in. I have seldom heard such laughter in a theatre."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," with twenty-four colour plates by Mr. Arthur Rackham, has been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in a popular edition, and the same firm are publishing, in a limited edition, "The Peter Pan Portfolio," a large volume of Mr. Rackham's drawings in colour.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is writing a book on William Blake.

Miss May Morris is editing for Messrs. Longmans a complete edition of her father William Morris's works in twenty-four volumes.

Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton, whose new novel we review elsewhere, is a Londoner by birth, and has lived in London all his life. He was born at Wood Green in 1884, and wrote his first published novel, that excellent story "The Merry Heart," at the age of twenty-three. A severe illness, when he was eight years old, stopped his schooling for some time, and continued delicacy made any education so fragmentary as to be negligible. His earliest ambitions were towards a literary career; at the age of ten he started an amateur periodical; four later years he entered the London office of the Glasgow newspaper publishers, Messrs. Hay, Nisbet & Co., and was afterwards for a few years with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. He was well under twenty when he wrote a novel which several firms declined to publish, and made two other short experiments in fiction before writing "The Merry Heart." In the three years since then he has in the intervals of business produced "The Young Idea," which has just been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Mr. Swinnerton has done a good deal of critical work of various kinds, has contributed some short stories to the magazines, and is now at work on another novel, a modern comedy, that is quite different in character from either of his previous books. His elder brother, by the way, Mr. Philip Swinnerton, is the well-known black-and-white artist.

If poetry is in a bad way at present, it is because most of our poets seem to have lost touch with the life of their own time and have not the supreme creative power that would enable them to breathe

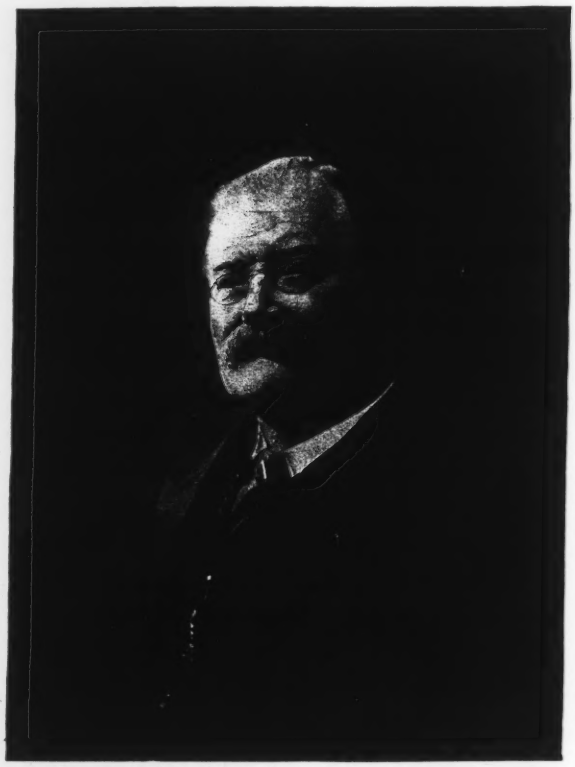

Photo by Chas. G. Mason, Birmingham.

Professor Churton Collins,

Whose posthumous book, "Greek Influence on English Poetry," will be published this month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

new life and meaning into the classic and old romantic themes that they appear to regard as the only fit subjects for poetry. Latterly, a few of them have been drawing inspiration from contemporary life and finding matter for song in the day they know instead of the days they have read about; and one of the pioneers in this notable movement is Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose new poems, "Daily Bread," have been issued in three small volumes by Mr. Elkin Mathews. In these books Mr. Gibson has set himself to give expression to dramatic moments in the lives of everyday working people, seeking always to reveal the essential realities and avoiding as far as possible mere local and temporary realism. Mr. Gibson has already published much good work, but happily is still a young man with a future before him. He was born at Hexham in 1878.

Photo by Messrs. Thomson. **Lady Dorothy Nevill,**
Whose new book of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns," was published by Messrs. Methuen last month.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a dramatic poem on the story of Columbus which he is calling "The Discoverer," and it is one of a book of poetical dramas that he is publishing with Mr. Elkin Mathews this month. The same publisher announces an important book by Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, on "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," which includes Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences, giving to the public for the first time her own story of her husband. The book will be illustrated with many sketches by Genjiro Karaoka and by Lafcadio Hearn himself.

Another book about Lafcadio Hearn is the third and final volume of his Life and Letters that Messrs. Constable are publishing, with an introduction by Hearn's friend and biographer, Elizabeth Bisland. The introduction contains many new facts concerning Hearn, and a study of him as a letter-writer and author of books. The illustrations include some hitherto unpublished portraits and a number of Hearn's own sketches.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing immediately a new novel by Mrs. Baillie Saunders, called "The Bride's Mirror." It is the story of a self-willed aristocratic maiden, who spurns marriage with one of her class for an unrealised union with a famous and militant Socialist. The scenes are laid in Mayfair and Stepney, and it seems probable that the downright outspokenness of the book will raise a storm of protest from readers who do not share its opinions.

Mr. Mackenzie Macbride has written a book on "Arran of the Bens, the Glens, and the Brave," which Mr. T. N. Foulis is publishing. It is at once a guide-book and a history of the most interesting of the Hebridean Islands, and will be illustrated in colour by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate.

Messrs. Bell have just added to their Masters of Literature Series "De Quincey," from the pen of Sidney Low, and a volume on Dickens, by Thomas Seccombe, is to be published early next year.

We congratulate the Oxford University Press on repeating the success it gained at the Paris Exhibition in being the only British binding house to obtain the highest possible distinction at the Brussels Exhibition, where of the nineteen Grands Prix awarded to British exhibitors in the classes concerned with books and their production—paper, printing, and binding—no fewer than seven have been awarded to the Oxford Press, no other exhibitor obtaining more than one.

"The North Pole" is the title that has been given to Commander Peary's great book on his successful voyage of discovery. Mr. Roosevelt has written an introduction to the book, which is illustrated with over a hundred photographs and

will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

"The Amazing Mutes," Mr. Ward Muir's skit on the Swiss cheap trip, is one of Messrs. Stanley Paul's latest successes. Mr. Ward Muir began a journalistic career about ten years ago as sub-editor of *Forget-Me-Not* and the *Home Circle*. He gave up office work when his health broke down, and has since been a free-lance author contributing to every variety of journal from *Tit-Bits* to the *Spectator*. He lives in the country writing stories and general articles for the magazines and, making a speciality of photography, contributing largely to the photographic press. He has published two books for boys and an anonymous technical book on photography, which has had a very large sale. Like most authors nowadays, he is busy on a play, and, in the meantime, has completed a new novel which deals with art-student and journalistic life in London and abroad.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are issuing a revised and enlarged edition of "Beowulf," translated into English prose by Mr. J. R. Clark-Hall. The book will contain much new matter and a number of new illustrations.

Mr. Ernest Davies,
Whose remarkable first novel, "Dives and Son," has just been published by Messrs Alston Rivers.

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay.
Author of "The Rosary."
Messrs. Putnam's are publishing Mrs. Barclay's new novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," this month.

With the appearance of the further fifty books in "Everyman's Library" the series arrives at its five hundredth volume. The new volumes include Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," two volumes of Plato, Froude's "Mary Tudor," Byron's complete Plays and Poems, Ben Jonson's Plays, Select Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, two volumes of Minor Elizabethan Dramas, Burton's "First Footsteps in Africa," Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," seven famous novels, and various other important books in history, philosophy, biography, science, etc. One scarcely knows which to congratulate most—Messrs. Dent on making such an admirable selection for this latest addition to the Library, or the public on having it made for them.

For the last ten years Mr. J. A. Hobson has been largely engaged in political and social criticism for the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers; and he is a regular contributor to the literary and political sections of the *Nation*. His new book, "A Modern Outlook," consists entirely of literary articles reprinted from the latter. Mr. Hobson is one of our foremost writers on economics, and his books are popular because he has learned how to make the "dismal science" interesting. After leaving Oxford in 1880, he was a schoolmaster for a few years; then became a University Extension Lecturer in English Literature and Economics, work which he continued down to 1898. His earlier writings were chiefly on economic subjects; though, as his "Problems of Poverty" and "John Ruskin, Social Reformer" indicate, he has never admitted the severance of economics from politics and ethics in the science and art of society. A journey of political investigation through South Africa in the summer of 1899 led him into a new region of political controversy, and resulted in a notable book on "Imperialism." At present Mr. Hobson has no new work in hand, but he is hoping before long to

supplement what he regards as his most important book, "The Industrial System," with a volume interpreting industrial phenomena in terms of social utility—a more or less systematic endeavour, following Ruskin, to express wealth in terms of human cost and human utility, both individual and social.

"Louvet: Revolutionary and Romance Writer," is a new biography by Mr. John Rivers that Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce for immediate publication. Louvet came into personal contact with all the great revolutionists; his own life was as picturesque and as full of stirring incidents as any of his written romances; the story of Louvet and Lodoiska, the woman he loved, covers the whole period of the Revolution.

Referring to Mr. J. W. Whitty's note in our last issue concerning his new edition of Poe's Poems, Mr. J. H. Ingram writes to say that he is certainly not "the English writer" alluded to by Mr. Whitty as having "stated that no file of the *Flag of Our Union* to which Poe contributed was now in existence," for, as a fact, no American critic seems to have known that such a periodical had existed until Mr. Ingram divulged the circumstance in his "Life of Poe" in 1880, and mentioned three out of the nine contributions Poe made to it. "The copy of the paper that Mr. Whitty speaks of," Mr. Ingram adds, "is evidently the only one known of *in America*, and it is in the Library of Congress. I shall be interested in seeing what Mr. Whitty calls the 'eight new poems' he has discovered, for I think in all probability they are poems I am already well acquainted with. As to the story of Poe's journey to Europe in 1827, I have given in my Life of the poet an account of this that was dictated to a friend by Poe when he was on a bed of sickness, and am furnishing some additional details in the new edition of my Life that, as you mentioned last month, I have for some time past been preparing."

Antonio Fogazzaro.

A few years ago, when Antonio Fogazzaro was first meditating his new novel, "Leila," rumours spread about the valley of the Astico that he was about to start a brewery. He was seen exploring the neighbourhood, examining various sites, clearly anxious to find the spot best suited to his purposes. But he was not satisfied with extensive views or the pleasant shade of hanging woods; he wanted also plenty of good spring water, and that, before he decided it was good enough, chemists should analyse it and certify to its purity. "Beer, therefore," said the neighbourhood; for there were breweries already not far off, and it was incredible that such great care as to the healthfulness of the water could portend anything but a new industrial scheme. As a fact, it really portended a new house and a new novel. The villa materialised, and has been called "La Montanina"; the novel is "Leila," now completed, and to be published in Italy by Messrs. Baldini & Castoldi, and in England by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The valley of the Astico has long been dear to the life and art of Fogazzaro. In the Villa Valmarana there he passed many happy and busy summers; the whole district is peopled with the creatures of his imagination, the men and women of his books. On the death of Fogazzaro's mother-in-law the Villa Valmarana passed to other heirs, and as he could not reconcile himself to leaving his familiar surroundings, he built for himself in the

View of the interior of "La Montanina."
Antonio Fogazzaro's villa in the valley of the Astico.

same valley his new villa, "La Montanina." But whilst the villa was in course of building, he felt it was too cold and unhomely a place; it was too entirely new; its rooms had no associations for him, they held no dreams, no echoes of his past. Therefore, he selected "La Montanina" as the scene of his new novel, peopled it with the persons of his story, so that the new views and the new walls now have memories of them and their passions, and the chill of a house in which nobody lived has passed away. In each room, on the stairs, by the enormous windows, around the gigantic carved fireplace, lurks a sense of hidden life, a feeling that new as it all is, the house is not without a history, and this history has been written in "Leila." The novel grew as the villa grew; before it was completed, the villa was described in the story, and in its growth it has exactly realised that description.

Leila herself, the heroine of the story, is a mystery. An Italian writer says: "I remember that about a couple of years ago, in a small villa of roses—a red building, that rises a little more forward on the Astico plain and plays an important part in the novel—the following verses written by Fogazzaro in 1906 were found on the wall:

'Here from my pen was born a lady
With white hair and large dark eyes,
Who claims the Villa of Roses as her own,
And, sorrowfully smiling, thinks of the thorns.'

The verses were published in various papers and excited much curiosity. That lady with the white hair must be Leila." The writer asked Fogazzaro of Leila's identity, but he evaded the question, and replied: "The novel is dedicated to my daughter Maria. The heroine is in reality called Lelia, not Leila. The name Leila was given to her by the wish of the man who loved her, and gives her at the end of the book a special character."

Of the novel itself, Fogazzaro said to his interviewer: "It is a mixture of comedy and drama; there is laughter and passion. It is largely a passion drama embroidered on a canvas of various religious attitudes. This second characteristic makes 'Leila' to some extent the complement of 'The Saint'—it is intended to explain more clearly the idea which was perhaps not wholly understood in the earlier

"La Montanina."
Antonio Foga'zzarosl in the valley of the Astico.

novel; it maintains the necessity of exercising a strong religious action, chiefly in the moral sense. No thorny dogmatic question is touched upon. On the contrary, in a certain sense the book is anti-modernist. There is a young man sliding across modernism in a state of incredulity. It is incidentally admitted that Benedetto, the protagonist of 'The Saint,' might have erred in theological arguments, and that having been admonished by authority, he has conformed, with fitting obedience. But the orthodoxy of his intentions, and particularly the moral character of his reforming action, are maintained and brought into relief. There are no portraits in the book except, maybe, of certain persons who are dead, and even in these cases the resemblance is reduced to a study of mind, and all the circumstances of the external lives are changed."

Signor Fogazzaro's family complain that he works too hard. When he is engaged on a novel he is at his table by five in the morning, and does not end his day's work until ten at night. They blame his publishers, but Fogazzaro will not hear of that. "It is I who want to get it finished," he declares; "I want to finish it and feel that I may breathe freely again." His method of work is to begin by making rapid and brief incidental notes; then he prepares a full scheme, which he modifies during the progress of the story, more particularly as regards the personalities of the protagonists, who are always invented. He rarely makes any alterations in his secondary characters, for they are almost invariably observed from life. He revises, recasts, and rewrites largely, and takes a pleasure in doing so. Of "Leila," the first two-thirds were written slowly, he says, "with many halts, a little everywhere, in Rome, Vicenza, Montegalda, Valsolda, and elsewhere. The last part, on the other hand, came quite easily, at once. I finished writing it in the Valsolda inn at San Marnette, where I retired for a week, so as to have absolute solitude. Then I started corrections, which were much greater in 'Leila' than in any other of my novels." The final revision and re-writing occupied him for some three months.

The prize of £100 which Messrs. Jarrold & Sons offered early this year for the best story suitable for boys and girls has been awarded to Lady MacAlistair (wife of Sir Donald MacAlistair, K.C.B., Vice-Chancellor of Glasgow University) for a story entitled "Uncle Hal," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing immediately. Hundreds of MSS. were sent in for the competition and four judges were kept hard at work for several months reading and adjudicating upon them.

The Centenary of Dickens's birth is still over a year away from us, but it is none too soon to be making preparation for the adequate commemoration of an event of such world-wide interest. With the possible exception of Scott, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, "Dickens in his popularity and his genius has no parallel among novelists," and it is fitting that our tribute to his memory should be something above the ordinary. There is talk of marking the occasion by opening a Dickens Museum in London; by the erection of a splendid sculptured monument; by endowing homes and hospitals; but the suggestion that has met with immediate and most enthusiastic approval is the Charles Dickens Testimonial scheme that has been inaugurated and developed by the *Strand Magazine*. Two months ago an article in the *Strand* proposed that to celebrate Dickens's Centenary specially designed penny stamps should be issued, and that every lover of his works should purchase enough of these to be able to affix one to the fly-leaf of each copy of Dickens's books that he possesses, and that the sum so realised should be offered to certain of the descendants of Boz, as some small proof of the world's lasting admiration and affection for a great man who has given it more happiness than it can ever pay for. It seems that some of Dickens's grandchildren are not in easy circumstances; one of them has lately accepted an annuity of twenty-five pounds from the Royal Literary Fund. The unsatisfactory state of the Copyright Laws in Dickens's time made it impossible for him to secure to his large family more than a very small proportion of the profits that arose from the sale of his works; he drew no royalties whatever from his enormous

Design for the Charles Dickens Testimonial Stamp.
(The alterations shown are being made on Lord Avebury's suggestion.)

sales in America; and this Testimonial scheme gives to Americans no less than to ourselves an opportunity of making some amends for such past injustices. The stamps may be obtained from the *Strand Magazine*, and the amounts received for them will be handed over to Trustees of the fund without any sort of deduction; they will also be on sale at all bookshops, and we have made arrangements for selling them direct from this office to readers of THE BOOKMAN, and shall present to every reader who purchases not fewer than thirty of the stamps from us a handsome colour-plate engraving of a scene or character from "Pickwick."

If Dickens's heirs had inherited from him land which he did not create instead of books which he did, they might still be in full possession of their inheritance; for there is a divinity that hedges landed estates, preserving them to you and your successors in perpetuity; but no such privilege is extended to mere literary property. If Dickens had been a great General and had achieved victories with the sword, instead of with what we are taught to believe is the mightier weapon, we know what a grateful nation would have done for him and his. Without at all belittling the services of our military and diplomatic men of genius, one may say that though Parliament never thanked him for them or dreamt of making him a grant in recognition of them, Dickens's services to his country, to say nothing of the world at large, will in their different way at least compare with the best work of the greatest of those others, and now that his countrymen have this opportunity of showing their appreciation of this fact, it is no wonder that they are eager to avail themselves of it. The current number of the *Strand* contains a further article on the progress of the Testimonial scheme and the names of an influential committee that is supporting it here and in America. We shall return to this subject in the November BOOKMAN, the contents of which will include a special and fully illustrated article on "Dickens and Reform," by B. W. Matz, editor of the *Dickensian*, who has done so much in connection with the establishment of the Dickens Fellowship.

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. H. Noel Williams,**
Whose new history, "Henry II.: His Court and Times," Messrs. Methuen are publishing.

Turgenev's "Annals of a Sportsman" did for the Russian moujik very much what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the South American negro, and in "Two Russian Reformers," which Messrs. Stanley Paul have in hand, Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd has made a study of the earlier novelist and Tolstoy, and the work they have done in the cause of freedom and social betterment in Russia.

A volume on Nietzsche has just been included in Messrs. Constable's Religions Ancient and Modern Series. The criticism is by A. M. Ludovico, and there is an introduction by Oscar Levy.

Mr. S. J. Shaylor has compiled a new anthology "In Praise of Gardens," and Messrs. Truslove & Hanson are publishing it shortly. It includes both poetry and prose, and will be illustrated with views from famous English gardens.

Mr. Guy Thorne writes asking us to contradict the suggestion made by several papers that he is the author of a recently published book of essays entitled "Pause." "I have not written a line of it," he says, "nor am I connected with it in any shape or form."

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we have to thank the proprietors of *Punch*, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Newnes, Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Pitman, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Stanley Paul, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Putnam's, and Messrs. Nisbet.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1 to November 1, 1910.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

ARGYLL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF.—Yesterday and To-day in Canada. 6s. net.
BARLOW, MISS M. (Edited by).—Life of Dean Barlow. 15s. net.
BEVAN, REV. J. O.—Wooing and Wedding. 6d. net.
BLENNERHASSETT, THE LADY.—Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. 15s. net.
DEWAR, G. A. B. (Poems arranged by).—The Book of the Seasons. 5s. net.
COX, REV. J. CHARLES.—County Churches of Norfolk. 2 Vols. 3s. net each.
DRYDEN, MISS A. (Edited by). Memorials of Old Leicestershire. 15s. net.
GIRVIN, BRENDA.—Pam and Billy. 3s. 6d.
JOHNSON, REV. THEODORE (Edited by).—Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary, 1911. 3s. 6d. and 5s.
KINGSLEY, ROSE.—In the Rhone Country. 10s. 6d. net.
LEIGHTON, H. R.—Memorials of Old Durham. 15s. net.
MOORE, EDITH MARY.—The Idealist and Mary Treherne. 6s.
MORRIS, J. R.—County Churches of Surrey. 2s. 6d. net.
REES, SIR J. D.—Modern India. 6s. net.
SYMPSON, E. MANSEL.—Memorials of Old Lincolnshire. 15s. net.
WAIN, LOUIS.—Louis Wain's Annual, 1910-11. 1s. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BRUCE, HON. C. G., M.V.O.—Twenty Years in the Himalaya. 16s. net.
CRICHTON, MRS. F. E.—The Little Wizard of White Cloud Hill. 3s. 6d.
DE LA MARE, WALTER.—The Return. 6s.
EARDLEY-WILMOT, S., C.I.E.—Forest Life and Sport in India. 12s. 6d. net.
FORBES, A. C., F.H.A.S.—The Development of British Forestry. 10s. 6d. net.
FORSTER, E. M.—Howard's End. 6s.
GREEN, REV. P., M.A.—How to Deal with Lads. 2s. 6d. net.
JONES, O., and M. WOODWARD.—A Gamekeeper's Notebook. 7s. 6d. net.
KEMPSON, F. CLAUDE.—The Misadventures of a Hack Cruiser. 6s. net.
LARDEN, WALTER.—Recollections of an Old Mountaineer. 14s. net.
MONTAGU, ADMIRAL.—Reminiscences. 15s. net.
NOVELLO, CLARA.—Reminiscences. 10s. 6d. net.
PALMER, W. S.—The Diary of a Modernist. 5s. net.
RAGG, CANON LONSDALE, B.D.—The Book of Books. 5s. net.
SAVILE, FRANK.—The Pursuit. 6s.
SHARP, CAPTAIN G. E.—Fly-leaves from a Fisherman's Diary. 5s. net.
SIMPSON, J. G., M.A., D.D.—Preachers and Teachers. 5s. net.
SNOW, H. J., F.R.G.S.—In Forbidden Seas. 12s. 6d. net.
WALKER, CHARLES, M.D.—Hereditary Characters. 8s. 6d. net.
WARDLE, JANE.—The Little Gray Man. 6s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

OWEN, LADY (Elizabeth Holland).—The Gentleman Help. 6s.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

CHAMPNEYS, A. C.—Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages. 31s. 6d. net.
CUST, R. H. HOBART.—Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. With numerous Illustrations. 2 Vols. 25s. net.
ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.—The Conscript. Illustrated by Lex de Renault. 3s. 6d. net.
EWING, MRS.—We and the World. (Queen's Treasures Series.) 2s. 6d. net.
GASKELL, MRS.—Sylvia's Lovers. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse. 3s. 6d. net.
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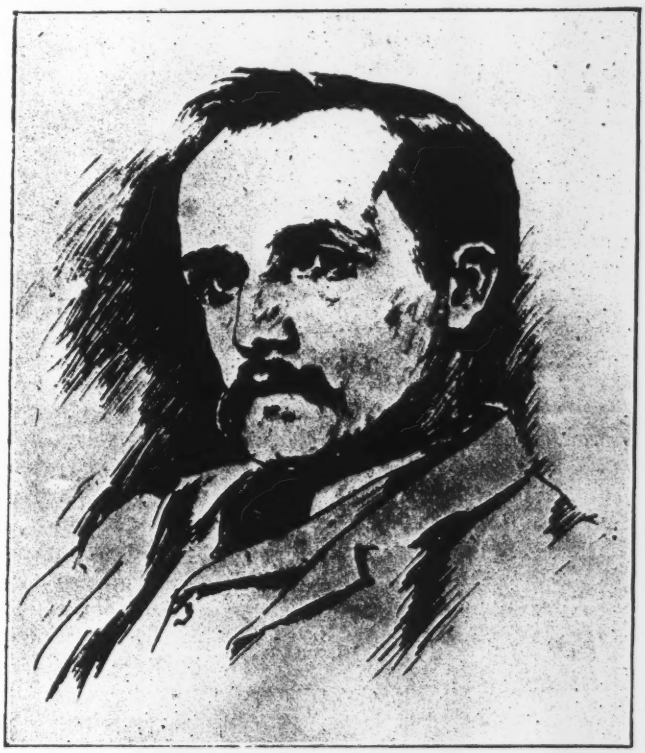
BARRIE'S plays are inimitable, because Barrie is a genius. I don't mean by this to put him or them higher than—shall I say—Ibsen, whose greatness lies at any rate partly in the fact that the mass of his work is not only very imitable indeed, but is and must be imitated by almost every dramatist coming after him. Like Ibsen or loathe him, our European drama is Ibsenised. Barrie is a great gain to the English theatre, but I doubt whether the legacy of his influence will be a great one.

It is interesting to note his approach to playwriting. He seems to have taken to it quite casually, almost contemptuously, seeing at first neither difficulties to be overcome nor glory in overcoming them. Put him in this respect beside a contemporary unlike him in every other, Bernard Shaw. Here we have the two dramatists who, quite apart from merit or demerit, express themselves most individually in their plays: it is the peculiar distinction of their work. They served no apprenticeship of refusal or failure, but staked out each his claim in the English theatre as cool as you please. When it is added that one is Irish and the other Scotch, there is but emphasised a commonplace of history.



From a Pen and Ink Sketch by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

J. M. Barrie in 1888.

Certainly Barrie's approach to the theatre was spiced, and rather more than spiced, with contempt. First, I think, came a collaboration with Marriott Watson called Richard Savage; then a piece of fun, Ibsen's Ghost; then a sketch, Becky Sharp, which was probably pure Thackeray. I saw none of these. Walker, London, was the first success; The Professor's Love Story followed, and in that sense eclipsed it. I remember little of Walker, London, but the actual houseboat. That and the uses made of it were evidence enough of the extraordinary scenic inventiveness to be cultivated later. I remember Toole sitting on a river-bank that sloped the wrong way; Miss Irene Vanbrugh flinging away some weighty book of science (it looked like a First French Reader) as a preliminary or a sequel to falling in love, and flinging it on the occasion of my visit slap into the eye of a mild-looking gentleman who sat in the front of the stalls.

But The Professor's Love Story I do remember, and it was about as cynically bad a play as any man of its author's calibre could expect to write, tried he never so hard. I am inclined to think that if the printing of plays were compul

sory (though I don't at the moment insist upon readableness as a test of merit), Barrie the man of letters would cheerfully have parted with all the profits The Professor brought him to ransom it from a place of equality upon the shelves which were to hold Sentimental Tommy and Margaret Ogilvy. Then came The Little Minister, an uninspired, rather cheapened version of his book, nothing more.

And then the change came. There seems to have happened what is apt to happen. You casually take hold of the Theatre; in a very little you find that the Theatre has seriously taken hold of you. The Wedding Guest comes next. It was not quite so individual a piece of work as its author can give us now, but it was a warm-blooded thing. One may note too, I think, Barrie's growing interest in his new art by the experiment he makes as to how far pathology is justified in the theatre. He uses madness, and very pathologically too. It was a daring thing to do.

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **J. M. Barrie.**

Quality Street was another step forward. It showed us, for one thing, how a dramatist of taste and sensibility could, by his very dialogue, create a picture more delicately and surely than all the scene-painting and costumery that money can buy. It was a charming play. Then came The Admirable Crichton, romance salted with satire: many will still think that this is Barrie's best work for the stage. I am not sure; completest, in a sense, it may be. After this, Little Mary. The playwright's difficulties have been discovered and conquered by this time; it is a masterpiece of skill. I have the habit (I don't know why) of thinking of it as a sort of first cousin to Quality Street; there is, indeed, a likeness of tone in the two plays. But the later ranks high above the earlier, since intrinsic fancy must rank above extrinsic. Alice-sit-by-the-fire is satire again. How many people think of Barrie as a satirist? To this time belong a one-act play or so and Josephine, as to which last his practical mind seems to have blundered into thinking that an English theatrical audience either knew or cared anything about politics, could even tell you the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer except at Budget times. What Every Woman Knows and two more one-act plays bring the record up to date. And some time or other there was born Peter Pan.

I have never seen Peter Pan. I am probably the only playgoer in London who hasn't. The distinction was not an easy one to earn, and since any distinction is better than none nowadays, I don't know how I shall ever make up my mind to forfeit it. But I remember saying to myself that as I was not very old, and the young fairy gentleman would certainly survive me, where was the hurry? Still, I have seen all the posters. I have heard, while pursuing my own avocations, shouts from the audience, shouts on the stage. I remember seeing a certain crocodile split open and forced to disgorge—no, it would be indecent to relate that. But I have been passed on the stairs by panting Red Indians and Pirates and a very woolly dog; and, anyhow, I shall certainly proceed to discuss Peter in company with the rest of his father's plays—those of the past ten years, by which Barrie the playwright is fairly to be judged.

He is probably most himself, most at his dramatic ease, in Peter Pan, since he is most able in it to treat the Theatre as a gigantic plaything. Much of the charm of all his work might be explained by the fact that he never loses and never lets his audience lose the exciting hovering of the mind between make-believe and reality which so endears the Theatre to a child. I am not sure that this half-dread of reality is not a source of weakness to some of the other plays, but it is an obvious strength to Peter Pan.

In Little Mary, now, the whole subject of the play is poised most artfully upon the very edge of the impossible. A wonderfully contrived atmosphere of playful mystery sustains the first act. But from then onwards it has needed all the author's ingenuity, clever manipulation of a variety of characters, a freshening contrast of scenes, a tickling but never a taxing of the expectation of his audience, to carry the business to its ludicrous *dénouement*. Nothing could be bolder, more apparently reckless than some of the devices he has used. To poke fun at theatricalities when by one false step sheer theatricality may at any moment appear the most obvious thing about the whole affair is pretty daring. Once, indeed, when father and son abruptly exchange chairs, remarking the while in all innocence upon the peculiar ways of actors with stage furniture, Barrie's inveterate love of a game peeped through undisguisedly. But of its sort Little Mary is, to my recollection, unsurpassed, and nothing of its sort seems possible but to the author of it. The workmanship is so fine. In this play more than any

of the others, we find, I think—and we need to find—Barrie's power of completely envisaging his effects. He is master in it not only of that one part of his material, the spoken dialogue, he adds to it not merely the business to be done, but if he had not at every step taken into account the whole activity of the stage, nicely calculated and balanced it, the delicate structure must have tumbled about him. Little Mary is, indeed, a triumph of the unaided art of play-writing.

The Admirable Crichton is much solider stuff. I remember once meeting the late Dr. Furnivall. One August it was; he was trudging up a hill hatless, holding his big green umbrella, and I walked my bicycle at his side. I had lately begun to write plays, and my mind was much exercised upon construction and characterisation and the art and artifice of it all. "What you want, my dear feller," said the old Doctor, "is a good story. All the best plays in the world have got a good story to 'em." So I rode my bicycle on, thinking that out and a little bothered; it was some time before I could fix a meaning to it which I was happy in accepting. But surely it is true enough as long as we remember that the dramatic form is not the narrative, to be thinly frescoed on paper, and that the mere plot of a play is not all its story. The story is a four-square thing only to be held up at all by the vividness and solidity of the characters, that themselves create it.

Now in this sense The Admirable Crichton is a good play, mainly because it has a good story. It is a refreshing story, a timely story, and a story eminently to have been written by a Scotsman living in luxurious snobbish England. One weakness of the play is curious. The "big" scene is not to be brought off, the hero and heroine cannot fall into each other's arms without

SCENES FROM "QUALITY STREET."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Quality Street."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

The homecoming.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Cyril Maude as the Little Minister.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier as the Hon. Ernest Woolley in "The Admirable Crichton."

SCENES FROM "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

The Earl of Loam and his yachting party, wrecked on a desolate island, find themselves so helpless they cannot even light a fire until Crichton, the butler, on their owning that here, on the island, he is the better man, comes to their assistance. The characters, reading from left to right, are : the Hon. Ernest Woolley (Mr. Gerald du Maurier), Tweeny (Miss Hilda Trevelyan), Rev. John Treherne (Mr. Chas. Maude), Crichton (Mr. Lyn Harding), and the Earl of Loam (Mr. Eric Lewis) and his three daughters the Ladies Mary, Catherine, and Agatha (Miss Miriam Clements, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and Miss Muriel Beaumont).

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
Hungry and helpless, the Earl and his daughters and the rest, one after the other, humble themselves and yield to the mastery of the accomplished Crichton. In the civilised world they are above him; on the island, his resourcefulness and capacity for work make him their superior.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
Crichton and the Lady Mary, who is to become Mrs. Crichton, waited upon in the hut by one of the Earl's less fortunate daughters.

SCENES FROM "PANTALOON."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
Clown claims Columbine as his bride, with the consent of Pantaloon, her father; but at the eleventh hour Harlequin, her lover, carries her off and marries her.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
Harlequin and Columbine, poor and desperate, return after years of absence and find Pantaloon, who had cast them off in anger, very old and lonely, and seek a reconciliation.

dropping into poetry in a friendly way. It isn't their creator's poetry either; an irritating modesty. I find a lack of dramatic life-blood here. Another weakness is instructive. It lies in the indeterminate conduct of the last act and springs, I think, from Barrie's typical objection to forcing any of his characters into forfeiting our sympathy. If I am right, he was in a quandary over this last act. The butler could not marry the daughter of the house, that was clear; at least, it was clear enough to Barrie. For him, too, a dozen other flaccid solutions involving heroic lies and self-sacrifice and broken hearts were ruled out also. Crichton must be sympathetic to the end. How, then, to keep sympathy as well for Lady Mary? The issue is shirked, very cleverly shirked; but the shirking of an obvious issue must always be a deadly weakness in a play. One quite minor point in Crichton has always amused me intensely. How providential that the yachting party should have thought to take a clergyman with them, so that when they did get thrown away on a desert island and some of them wanted to get married, the proprieties could all be observed, and never a blush brought to the cheek of the licenser of plays. There is yet another comedy to be written around the agonies of a high-toned Anglican party in the same predicament, and with only a Plymouth Brother or a Positivist to fall back upon. But I think Barrie is not the man to write it, nor perhaps is this same spiritually snobbish England the country to write it for.

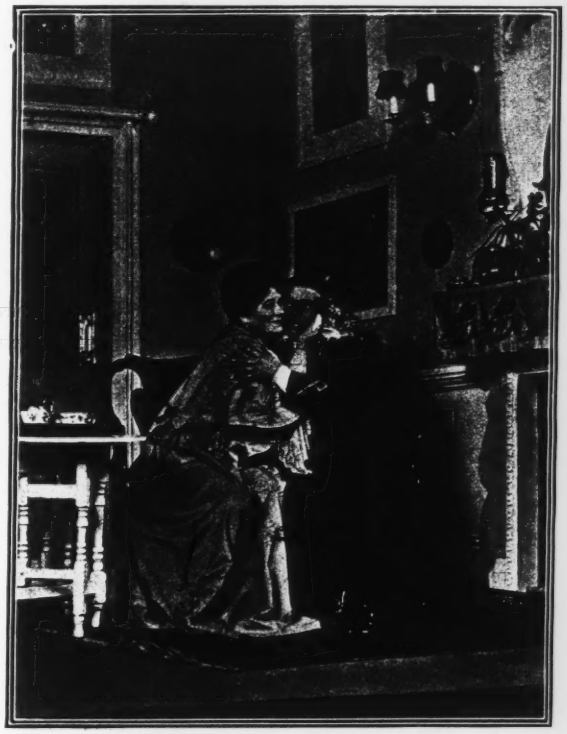


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. A. E. Matthews as Alice and her son in "Alice-sit-by-the-Fire."

No extraneous reason was needed to account for

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

SCENE FROM "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."

the enormous success of What Every Woman Knows. Had there been, I could have found one. It appeared at a time of great stress in the Woman's movement, and must have proved a passing comfort—have provided a breathing space, as it were, if of only three hours—to the many whose consciences were a little overburdened by the surrounding struggle because here was a play so subtly reactionary. Barrie can be a very dangerous writer. He is apt to appeal, not vulgarly to the weakness of the flesh, but subtly to the weaknesses of the spirit. His loving contempt for human nature and his power of seeing mankind as an imaginative child sees its dolls, caring, as a rule, more fondly for the broken ones, is attractive, but it is not always stimulating. We must remember, too, that he addresses the theatre public, which needs, of all others, the severest doses of tonic.

The first act of What Every Woman Knows is in itself, I dare say, the most flawless thing its author has done, and as a first act it is wholly admirable. The second act is as good as it can be. From there I find that, instead of developing, the play runs thin and tapers to its end. The political part is trivially dealt with and even the personal problem becomes a little vapid. It seems as if the dramatist had found himself with a subject that threatened to spread beyond his customary canvas, and had been forced upon a compromise. And he chose to sacrifice the importance and reality of his characters to the form of his play. The lighter touches are still put in with extraordinary skill. The final scene between husband and wife I remember as a masterpiece of comic decoration of a problem. But on consideration, they remain in my mind as a stucco couple.

Of the two latest plays, one was coldly and the other rapturously received. No one would pretend that Old

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery. **Miss Pauline Chase as Peter Pan.**

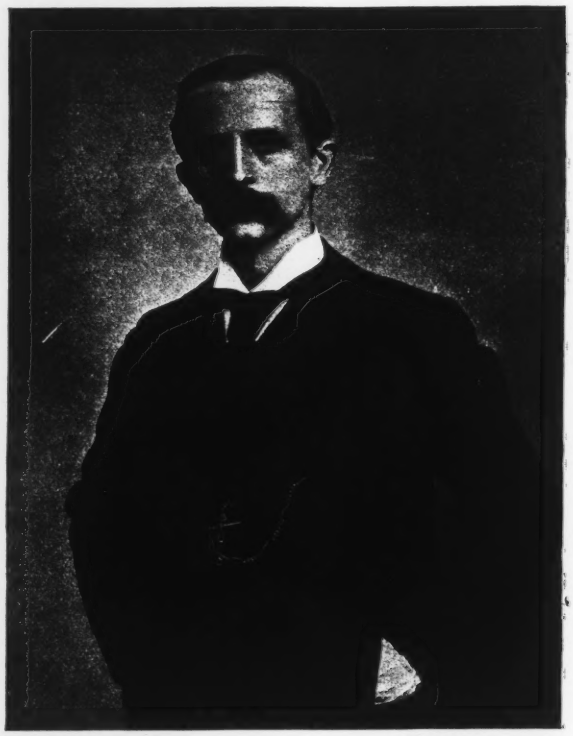


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **J. M. Barrie.**

Friends ranked high among its fellows, still, I thought it was not only underrated, but grossly misunderstood. When an author most carefully creates a little atmosphere of mystery and superstition, it shows clearly, it seems to me, that he does not mean to be thought writing a scientific treatise. An unconscious feeling among the better critics of the play may have been that a subject like the hereditary consequences of the drink habit should not be treated at all in the Theatre, except semi-scientifically and with a generous grasp of the problem, and if this were to be said about a full-length play, one could admit the æsthetic justice of the judgment. But this suggestion that a man's vices may suck their creator dry, and then, like evil spirits, hover to seize some other victim near and dear to him, as I found it in Old Friends, I find to be the idea of a poet, and a terrible, pregnant, fascinating idea. There are not so many such going begging in one-act plays that we can afford to despise them.

When I admire a thing and other people praise it, I am very jealous that it should be praised, as I think, properly. I wonder how many of the people who laughed consumedly at The Twelve-Pound Look know really how good a play it is. I think I am prepared to back it against any other one-act comedy that exists; and I know a few first-class ones, mostly not, I am sorry to say, in the English language. Apart from its technical excellence, that not a word is wasted (though there are, to be candid, just a couple or so of speeches I would take out to pronounce it flawless), and the marvellous ease with which every effect is made, the temper of the thing is so fine. People prate for and against there being no moral purpose in art. Can any woman of spirit walk out of the theatre after seeing

J. M. BARRIE

From a drawing by William Nicholson (1905)

By permission of the proprietors of "The Outlook."

XUM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The Twelve-Pound Look without feeling an inch taller? If that's not a high artistic achievement, I don't know what is.

Looking back, I notice two things about these remarks of mine. The first is a tendency to insist upon the technical excellence of the plays. I take a natural interest in that, but I have been at the greater pains to point it out, because I know how people long to believe that with such an apparently naïve genius as Barrie's, inspiration is all, the work may come haphazard. It neither does nor can.

The other thing is a trick of speaking of some of the plays always in the past tense. They *were* this, that, or the other; we speak so of plays. Let those of us who love the Theatre lose not an opportunity of exposing the stupidities of a system under which our best plays, after their first money-making run, bid fair to perish under lock and key.

I am pledged to the dramatic art, a Cinderella among her sisters, either most menially entreated or gaudily, too gaudily, attired (fairy godmothers have no taste). And I have a certain pride that the young lady should not only have attracted such a man as Barrie (that is a tribute to her vitality), but should have turned his casual patronage into a very earnest suit of her. He is the humanest of our dramatists. He brings fresh air into the Theatre, which is, Heaven knows, in need of such spiritual ventilation.

J. M. BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS.

By Dr. James Moffatt.

MR. BARRIE'S novels, tales, and sketches run to eight volumes in the edition of 1897, and that does not include two of the later stories. This is a considerable output, even when one discounts minor tales and journalistic reprints like "When a Man's Single" and "My Lady Nicotine," but the characteristic features are comparatively few. The local spirit of Thrums and a predilection for fantasy, particularly in child-life, dominate Mr. Barrie's stories; one or the other, sometimes both, may be felt in all. The wonderful power of entering into the queer, imaginative world of children reappears in "The Little White Bird," and forms one of the transitions to his dramatic work. But the insight into the piety and manners of the Scotch peasantry is equally characteristic. Here, too, as in R. D. Blackmore's novels, there is a dash of playful fantasy in the method, a quickness of fond perception which loves to play with the tender and even the grim idiosyncrasies of simple folk. Still, it is not until "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel that the two characteristics fully blend. The earlier sketches stand by themselves. "The Little Minister," in form as well as in date, lies between them and the Tommy stories. Then come the children's books.

Photo by Fredk. Hollyer. **J. M. Barrie.**

Mr. Barrie in "The Little White Bird" and "Peter Pan" has made a success which is as truly his own as Lewis Carroll's. A book about children is not always a book for children. Neither, as "Robinsoe Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" prove, is a book for children invariably a book about children. Mr. Barrie's are generally both. Older readers, especially if they are subject to twinges of cooler criticism, will more than once feel that there is a perilous approach to sentimentalism in some of the chapters. Sentiment for sentiment's sake is a pit close to the path of the idyllist, whether his idylls are of nature or childhood. On the other hand, a chapter like that entitled "A Confirmed Spinster" in "The Little White Bird" touches the exact chord of delicate pathos, and touches it for precisely the right length of time. Mr. Barrie can achieve this feat with an artistic sureness of touch, and his first sketches were distinguished as much by this note of imaginative regret, suggested rather than elaborated, as by their humour.

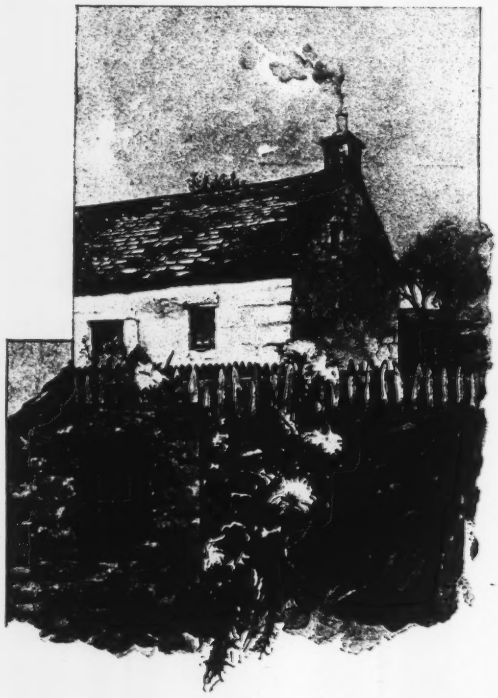
What of these early sketches? It is with a

From an etched portrait by Manesse.

Margaret Ogilvy (Mr. J. M. Barrie's Mother).

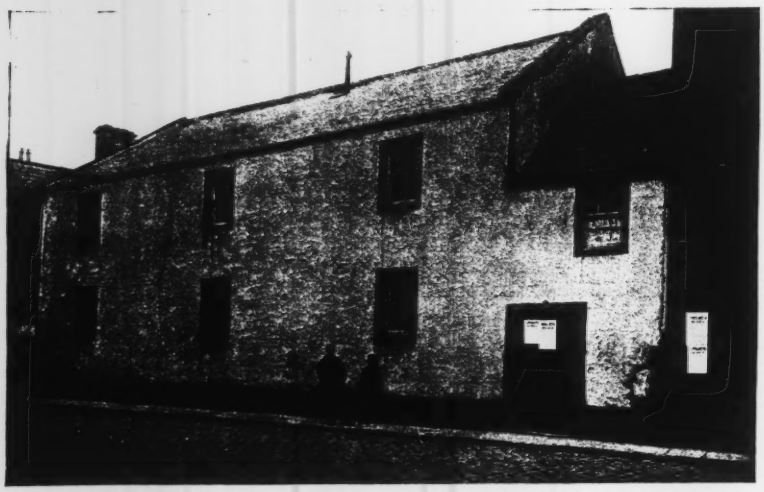
"She is up now and dressed in her thick maroon wrapper; over her shoulders is a shawl not placed there by her own hands, and on her head a delicious mutch."—From *Margaret Ogilvy.*

feeling of hesitation that one starts to read over again "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." Books which had so commanding a success are apt to be disappointing after ten years. You try in vain to recapture the first fine careless rapture of enjoyment. But Mr. Barrie's volumes have lasted. Sir Walter Scott, though anxious to say as much as possible for Richard Cumberland's comedy of "The Fashionable Lover," was obliged to admit that the character of the Scotch servant had very little to distinguish it "from the Gibbies and Sawneys which had hitherto possession of the stage as popular representatives of the Scotch nation." Mr. Barrie's sketches of Thrums have been more successful. They opened up a phase of Scottish peasant life which was neither conventional nor familiar, and the delightful result is that they bear the test of re-reading, even though the mind has been dinted by the numerous imitations which followed the Thrums lead, and by the inevitable reaction against it. These two books live, as transcripts of real life. They are masterpieces of their class. They have their niche as secure as "Cranford." The "Auld Licht Idylls" especially depicts a rugged tract of country manners which is rapidly being smoothed away, and its minute delicate realism makes it invaluable to the student of Scottish morals and religion during the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a book to confound any twentieth-century Buckle, and one of those documents which will rejoice the heart of some Macaulay among our grandchildren. "Cranford," in point of literary art, is perhaps its nearest analogue in English, but it is a far cry from the demure and prim manners of Mrs. Gaskell's ladies to the rough vigour of Thrums.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. **The Window of Thrums.**

"On the bump of green round which the brae twists, at the top of the brae, and within cry of Tnowhead Farm, still stands a one-story house, whose whitewashed walls, streaked with the discoloration that rain leaves, look yellow when the snow comes."



From a photograph.

The Auld Licht Kirk in "Sentimental Tommy."

"Once a year the dominie added to his income by holding cock-fights in the old school. This was at Yule, and the same practice held in the parish school of Thrums. Every male scholar was expected to bring a cock to the school, and to pay a shilling to the dominie for the privilege of seeing it killed there. The dominie was the master of the sports, assisted by the neighbouring farmers, some of whom might be elders of the Church. Three rounds were fought. By the end of the first round all the cocks had fought, and the victors were then pitted against each other. The cocks that survived the second round were eligible for the third, and the dominie, besides his shilling, got every cock killed. Sometimes, if all stories be true, the spectators

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

"The square foot of glass where Jess sat in her chair and looked down the brae."—From *A Window in Thrums.*

From a photo by G. W. Wilson.

Sabbath at T'nowhead.

From "Auld Licht Idylls."

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

"Look Hard!"

From "The Little Minister."

Drawn by William Hatherell.

Grizel.

From "Sentimental Tommy."

SCENES FROM THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF J. M. BARRIE.

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge. **"Passing the Arcadia."**

From "My Lady Nicotine."

were fighting with each other before the third round concluded."

The Cranford ladies would have fainted at the sight of such savagery, and shuddered even to hear of it. But Mr. Barrie etches in the rude as well as the delicate lines of the sketch. The reader, according to his taste,

From a drawing by Bernard Partridge. **"... and clung to it, his teeth set."**

From "Tommy and Grizel."

dwells on Jess and Leeby or on the poaching and political riots, on the strict, narrow piety of the Auld Lichts or on the wilder naturalism of the dominie and his congenial neighbours. The author's personal leaning is unmistakable; only he is too sound an artist to exaggerate in the direction of idealism or realism.

But it is one thing to produce exquisite cameos, another thing to fill a broad canvas. This trite reflection is forced upon the critic who turns from the early stories to the later novels. It is the whimsical local colour which saves "The Little Minister" from becoming ordinary. The Thrums worthies, with their little

From the cartoon by Oliver Paque. **J. M. Barrie.**

From "English Humorists of To-Day," by J. A. Hammerton. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

oddities, reappear. They are not a chorus in the background, for there is neither background nor foreground to the scenes. The inhabitants of Thrums cross and re-cross, with Gavin Dishart and the Egyptian flitting in and out; they are all living, whereas Lord Rintoul and his friend are lay-figures. On page after page the author's brush puts in the local setting with inimitable skill:

"Rintoul's so fond o' the leddyship 'at is to be, that when she was at the school in Edinbury he wrote to her ilka day. Kaytherine Crummie telled me that, and she says aince you're used to it, writing letters is as easy as skinning moles. I dinna ken what they can write sic a heap about, but I daur say he gies her his views on the

"He tried to cry 'Woman!' sternly, but lost the word."
From "The Little Minister." (Cassell.)

Chartist agitation and the potato disease, and she'll write back about the romantic sights o' Edinbury and the sermons o' the grand preachers she hears. Sal, though, those grand folk has no religion to speak o', for they're a' English kirk."

We read the book for these touches of the humour which springs from contrasts and incongruities. Mr. Barrie enjoys them himself; he prefers running after them to proceeding with the real business of the plot, and he has not the heart to work out the logical tragedy of it. Of course, as Stevenson playfully objected, Gavin and the Egyptian were never meant to marry. One can guess how the author of "The Master of Ballantrae" would have handled the pair of lovers. But Mr. Barrie is kind to his puppets and tender to his public, even at the expense of artistic and psychological probabilities. The melodramatic scene at the flood is supposed to sweep away the opposition of the Auld Lichts to their minister's *mésalliance*, and the curtain falls on happiness all round. This is delightful, but it evades the real issue. Even if Gavin and the gypsy had married, the dramatic moments must have come after marriage, in the readjustment of the little prejudiced community and the handsome daughter of the Philistines. No one can help feeling this as he lays down the book, and his gratitude for a happy ending is tempered by a persistent suspicion that the pleasure has been gained at too great a cost. "The Little Minister," in fact, is an expanded idyll of the Auld Lichts, which ceases to be an idyll just because its scale is too large. There are bits of incomparable pathos and wit in it, but the bits do not hold together. Fantasy throws up jets of spray for sketches; it does not carry a sustained wave of energy.

This conviction—that Mr. Barrie has a genius for the sketch or study rather than for the novel—is confirmed by "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel. Here the limitations of the artist become evident, even in his cleverness. The former story owes its fascination to the Thrums background and to the uncanny knowledge born of the author's instinctive sympathy with child-life. The first twelve chapters could have been written by no other novelist of the day. They are not only supremely fine, but a partial unity; the rest are a series of studies with Tommy more or less in the centre. The Painted Lady episodes verge on melodrama. Grizel is more vital than Babbie, perhaps because she is not grown up, perhaps on account of her sombre background. Mr. Barrie is kinder to her than to Elspeth, who is shadowed by the brilliance of her "masterful" brother. Where the indefinable charm of the book lies is in its description of the children's

Tommy crouching behind Haggart's stone.
From "Sentimental Tommy." (Cassell.)

make-believe, and above all in the subtle analysis of Tommy's nature. The former is a triumph, the latter is a *tour de force*. "Sentimental Tommy" recalls Richardson in more ways than one; if Richardson had written with a Puck-like spirit at his elbow, the resemblance would have been still closer in matter as well as in method, for Tommy Sandys in after-life liked also to live in a flower-garden of ladies, and he too suffered from what is called the artistic temperament.

One aspect of Tommy, his literary conscience for the right word and his punctilious attention to style, was supposed to be a study of Stevenson. This drew a humorous remonstrance from the latter. He wrote to the author in mock anxiety: "What is to become of me afterwards? You say carefully—methought anxiously—that I was no longer me when I grew up. I cannot bear this suspense: what is it? It's no forgery? and AM I HANGIT?" When "Tommy and Grizel" appeared in 1900, it was found that Tommy was indeed hanged. Hanged, not as Stevenson feared, but hanged all the same. Philandering with an aristocratic lady, he climbs over a garden wall, is caught by an iron spike which suspends him by the neck of his coat, and slowly chokes to death. "They say that in such a moment a man reviews all his past life. I don't know whether Tommy did that, but his last reflection before he passed into unconsciousness was 'Serves me right!' Perhaps it was only a little bit of sentiment for the end." In "Tommy and Grizel" Mr. Barrie has devoted over four hundred pages to the delineation—dissection would be a better word—of a *poseur* and a philanderer, a clean and simple artist in life as well as in words, who admires and would have others admire, himself, who has a fine æsthetic sense of human life and likes to play leading rôles in it as he did with Corp Shiach and the girls in the Den. If a reader declares it is unreal, Mr. Barrie would probably answer, "It is unreal; that is the humour and tragedy of the business." But, after opening Tommy's eyes tardily to the consequences of his sentimentalism, need he have hanged him? Grizel and Tommy were meant to live on, after their ordeal, just as Mr. Dishart and Babbie were not meant to marry. One resents the hard fate of Grizel with the crooked smile and the straight soul, by far the strongest character Mr. Barrie has ever drawn. In "The Nigger of the Narcissus" the hero's death was pre-ordained. Mr. Conrad's wonderful study of morbid temperament could not have ended artistically otherwise; Jimmy's fate looms on the reader from the moment that the negro steps aboard. But Tommy's accident is a trifle gratuitous. He may have been, in spite of his beard and years, a boy who never grew up, a [connoisseur in emotions, a boy who loved make-believe till he lost the power of yielding to any great passion like love. Grizel "knew that, despite all he had gone through, he was still a boy. And boys cannot love. Oh, is it not cruel to ask a boy to love?" But, after what Tommy had passed through, he must have changed and deepened. Mr. Barrie, with his predilection for the whimsical and the childlike, shrinks from facing this maturing of the soul in the graver issues of manhood, though he catches a glimpse of the depth beyond the shallows in Grizel, and with a gesture of despair he jerks the story to an inglorious conclusion. It is not dramatic, it is melodramatic. The author had dramatic gifts, but, as his plays prove, he was self-critical enough, after "Tommy and Grizel," to develop these outside the field of the novel proper.

Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

J. M. Barrie.

SCENES FROM "PETER PAN."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Wendy and her brothers playing in the nursery at bedtime with their father and mother and the dog.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

The arrival of Peter Pan.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and the children sorrowing for Wendy, whom they believe to be dead.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Wendy and the little house that Peter and the lost boys have built for her.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and the boys aboard the pirate ship.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and Wendy returning to their home in the tree-tops.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best quotation from English Literature, in not more than eight lines of verse or one hundred words of prose, applicable to the reception in the House of Commons of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to JOHN F. LOCKHEAD, of 205, Nithsdale Road, Glasgow, for the following:

THE NORTH POLE. By COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"By ways no gaze could follow, a course unspoiled of Cook."
RUDYARD KIPLING,
The Three Decker (*The Seven Seas*).

We also select for printing:

THE LOST HALO. By PERCY WHITE. (Methuen.)

"And the Abbot declared that when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigg'd it."
Ingoldsby Legends.

(H. L. Mawson, 43, Fountain Street, Park Lane, Leeds, Yorks.)

A DANGEROUS WOMAN. By E. A. ROWLANDS. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

"To beguile
And to hurt
With a smile
And desert,
Is the wile
Of a flirt!"
J. A. STERRY, *A Shorthand Sonnet.*

(Rev. B. F. Relton, 66, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.)

THE LAME ENGLISHMAN. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

"The Army Surgeon made him limbs;
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs.'"
HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

THE MAN WHO ROSE AGAIN. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The big books all agree in this,
'Tis reckless and unwise
To sit upon the Porcupine,
Because you'd have to rise."
H. RICHARDSON, *The Porcupine.*

(Norah E. Goodbody, Inchmore, Clara, King's Co.)

THE STOWAWAY. By LOUIS TRACY. (Ward, Lock.)

"It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends* (*The Knight and the Lady*).

(Miss G. Pitt, 15, Regent's Park Terrace, N.W.)

A MODERN OUTLOOK. By J. A. HOBSON. (Herbert & Daniel.)

"'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?'
'Into Society, stranger,' she said.
'How will you get there, adventurous maid?'
'I guess I've a "pile" that will do it,' she said."
COTSFORD DICK, *Over the Fishpond to Fashion.*

(Miss L. Mugford, Cedar Lawn, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

II.—The Prize for the best four or six lines of original verse expressing the sentiments of a holiday-maker returning to work has been divided, and we are sending Two NEW NOVELS to Miss E. E. BRAZIER, of Glenholm, Clifton Street, Stourbridge, and Two to E. G. HOGAN, of 19, Gedling Grove, Nottingham, for the following:

Why was the respite given?—That summer blue,
And sea's fair sheen, and cloud, and air, and bird,
Might mingle in thy handwork each its hue.
Fair were the days with joys, and life was bright,
And fair shall be the product of thy toil
Through days made glorious with God's treasured light.

(Miss E. E. Brazier.)

Back to work! Nay, rather, back *from* work!
Back from a month with Sarah and the boys!
Ah me! the ceaseless rushing and the noise!...
And so no more my office toil I'll shirk.
Right heartily I grasp thee, good goose quill:
I left not home with half so good a will.

(E. G. Hogan.)

The Thrums

This delightful little creature is very retiring and knows a interviuve directly by his steaming breff. When he hears one he runs like listening and gets under the sofer-cushions or inside the pyanno or crawls in under the slates till it is all over. He use to live in a old light-house once He is a marvelus mixture of the most comical humour and the most beutiful psythoss He is a reggular Ramsgit singey at cricket. He was to have gone to Ostend with Mr Stodert but they thought it was better for the Empire that he should not. You should see him smack them among the slippers (I hope that is right) When he goes in to bat the fielders all come close up to him just to take him in batting.

Drawn by E. T. Reed. **"The Thrums."**

Reproduced from *Punch* by special permission of the proprietors.

We also commend the verses sent in by Albert E. Halliday (Leeds), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), Nora Sinnock (Portishead), Edith M. Hills (Radlett), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Miss C. C. Brown (Heswall), Edith G. Owen (London, N.), Miss K. Blaxill (Streatham Hill, S.W.), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), C. S. H. (London, N.), Caroline Coxan (New Malden), Miss A. Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Marion Burd (Solihull), A. J. (South Norwood, S.E.), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Joseph Veness (Bromley), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Jas. J. Nevin (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Miss L. Dodd (Enfield), Mabel Roberts (Cardiff), J. S. Smith (Newport-on-Tay), Duns Scotus (Bishops Stortford), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Nora Kildare (Glasgow), Edith H. Wheeler (Manchester), Clara J. Terry (Keighley), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), B. Daly (Liverpool), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), Chas. W. Howe (East Ham), R. H. G. Byrne (Leeds), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Miss E. C. Rhodes (Harrogate), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss J. Howden (Elie), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), Miss M. E. Clifford (Sidcup), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), Miss H. E. Palmer (Bristol), John E. Melvin (Alloa, N.B.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss J. M. Chafer (Doncaster), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Vivien Ford (Bristol), William Tranter (Manchester), Miss N. W. Byng (Ryde, I. W.) and J. Ewing (Cambridge).

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Maggie Wylie, in "What Every Woman Knows."

SCENES FROM "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

John Shand, the railway porter, breaking nightly into the house of the Wylies to study from the books in their library, is surprised by Alick Wylie, his daughter Maggie, and his two sons, and taken for a burglar.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to MISS EMILIE SMITH, of All Saints' Vicarage, Hull, for the following:

THINGS THAT NO ONE TELLS. By ETHEL C. MAYNE. (Chapman & Hall.)

The set of studies making up this delicately distinguished book *are* just the things that no one tells, and that matter so much more than the things that are told. Love-stories, too little acknowledged to rank even as "disappointments"; tiny tragedies with no more dramatic culmination than a lady's having two umbrellas to carry home; the collection of photographs shown to some callers—to most men and many women the whole will seem much ado about nothing. The few will recognise it as life, life as they know it, not as novelists represent it, seen under a microscope of rare power.

Among the best of the many other reviews sent in are:

THE BRIDE OF THE MISTLETOE. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. (Macmillan.)

The temerity of its ideals and the minuteness of its introspection dominate this book. Both are stretched to breaking-point, but both achieve the magnificent: that is because Mr. Allen is an impassioned artist. His characters do not converse in stage heroics; neither do they deal in the pungent crudities of life; but, if Shakespeare had been a modern novelist, he might have conducted their dialogue in an identical manner. The story lifts us to a high, clear atmosphere of the soul, where everything is rarefied; and, should we see the figure of Unblenching Realism, far distant, we turn away our eyes.

(Miss Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

HEDWIG IN ENGLAND. By the Author of "Marcia in Germany." (Heinemann.)

The author of "Hedwig in England" has fallen a victim to that mistake common to so many writers when they are describing other nations than their own. That is, she has taken a type (or, as in this case, two) and made it stand for the whole. She has placed her heroine first in a rich society set, and then in a shabby-genteel suburban one. And yet neither of these is the type that we would say stood out above all others as English. But the book is decidedly amusing, and many of the comparisons are just and arresting.

(Joan Harvey Hall, Deeside Lodge, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.)

WRITTEN IN THE RAIN. By JOHN TREVENA. (Mills & Boon.)

There is a touch of real pathos in these stories which brings them very near the heart of the reader. One can smell the damp earth, can hear the cry of Nature as insistent as the elemental cry must always be, and thus one is led to understand the vastness of those realities which men pass by, and yet think they live. Weird some of the histories are, but full of fascination because they are penned by one who, looking on human nature in the rough as it were, is able also to perceive the Divine Nature therein contained.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

A WEEK AT THE SEA. By HAROLD AVERY. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

One of the best pieces of humorous fiction published this autumn. The adventures of Mr. Skittlebury during his week at the sea are told in a delightfully breezy fashion, and one thoroughly enters into the holiday spirit of the author. With all its skittishness, though, there is a "deep-laid plot," and a villain or two; but Mr. Avery's villains are almost as refreshing as the virtuous folk he introduces us to, and we are inclined to feel sorry for the black sheep of the tale. Altogether 'tis an enjoyable book and one well worth the reading.

(Miss Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury.)

STORM AND TREASURE. By H. C. BAILEY. (Methuen.)

This historical romance, dealing with the revolt in La Vendée during the Revolution, is written in the author's usual spirited style. The Vicomte Alain de Jan, with his ready wit and nimble sword, is one of Mr. Bailey's characteristic heroes. He attracts the love of two very different women—high-minded Yvette, with her pride of race and enthusiasm for a losing cause, and Lucelle the plebeian, with her deep warm-hearted nature, ready to sacrifice all for love; while ever entertaining is the delightful Jerry Wild, who with his good-natured cynicism finds men worse than he thought, "but better worth liking."

(G. M. Elwood, Abbey Park Road, Grimsby.)

THE OTHER SIDE. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (Nelson.)

Theories concerning the "inner mind" and "the other side" are seldom woven into a novel. Mr. Vachell gives us much food for thought; so vividly and sympathetically does he describe the wanderings of David's soul that we cannot but feel they are his own experiences. Apart from its scientific interest, the novel is an unusually artistic one; all its people and their actions are intensely human. Perhaps the story reminds us of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." The two books are similar in that both Scrooge and David are enabled to lead better lives on account of the journeyings of their souls.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE PROFESSIONAL AUNT. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable.)

A delicate and dainty sketch of a charming aunt. Endowed with gifts of comprehension and love which endear her to the children, her relative position to different mothers is humorously portrayed. Though some of the children's sayings might sound profane if quoted without the context, there is no flippancy in the tone of the book. One puts it down with regret that it is so soon finished, but with pleasure in the thought that the unselfish aunt is to have her chance of happiness in a home of her own.

(Mrs. Heath, Failand, Paignton, South Devon.)

Of the other reviews sent in (some of which are as good as those we have found space to print) we specially commend those received from Lucy Isabel Armstrong (Hoylake), Michael A. Teale (Leeds), Adalbert P. Curtis (Dudley), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), Cicely L. Brown (Heswall), A. G. Campbell (Bath), Mrs. Fosdick (Hexham), Lucy M. Peaton (Gt. Yarmouth), Florence Dunford (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Hilda M. Campbell (Bath), Mrs. Dutton (Ramsgate), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Miss G. Wood (Bishops Stortford), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Arthur H. Hill (Birmingham), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), R. A. Sharp (Canterbury), D. K. Milum (Acton, W.), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), J. Young (Edinburgh), Jas. A. Richards (Tenby), and E. Percy Adam (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to J. E. HOLLOWAY, of "Magnolia," Stellenbosch, South Africa.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
After hearing John Shand's story, the Wylie family agree to encourage him in his studies and help him to fulfil his ambitions if he will undertake to marry the unmarriageable Maggie, and John considers the point.

Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.
Scene in the Committee Room of John Shand, who has risen in life and is putting up for Parliament.

A PUBLISHER'S CENTENARY.

I.

1810—1910.

THE well-known publishing firm of James Nisbet & Co. completes the hundredth year of its existence this month. In its century of life great changes have come over the thought and life of the nation, and these changes are perhaps reflected more faithfully in books than in anything else; books that were once phenomenally popular have no longer any sale, and if they were republished would make no appeal to a present-day public; they answered fully to some need of their own time, but the world has gone on and got out of touch with them, and the new age has called forth new books to satisfy the different needs of the modern spirit. It is only the few greater books that outlast a century, because their roots go deeper than the shifting tastes and opinions of their own generation and take hold upon the inmost soul, the unchanging principle of things.

James Nisbet.
From a painting.

James Nisbet, the founder of the firm, was a religious-minded Scotsman of the Evangelical type, a type which was then coming into the ascendant in the religious world. He was born on February 3, 1785, the son of a small farmer in Kelso who afterwards served in the 15th Foot and was discharged with the rank of sergeant; he came to London in 1803, and having worked in an office there for seven years, on October 16, 1810, started business on his own account as a bookseller and published at 15, Castle Street, Oxford Street, not far from the firm's present premises in Berners Street.

In harmony with his character, the business Mr. Nisbet established was for the sale of books of an Evangelical and instructive kind. The Evangelical of those days was no sectarian, but represented rather a school of Christian thought which was then growing great in influence and power, and Mr. Nisbet's intention seems to have been to provide books which would express and cultivate Christian thought agreeable to this form of religious life; and his insight into the needs of the time proved to be remarkably correct.

He began on a very modest scale, limiting himself at first almost entirely to the sale of books, the first book he dealt in being John Brown's "Christian Journal," published by Alexander Leadbetter, of Kelso. As he proceeded to take a more and more active part in the religious and philanthropic movements of the time he came to be known as a man who strove to represent in his life and in his trade the religious activities of the living world about him. Gradually his business extended, and presently he started to publish as well as to sell an increasing number of books and tracts of the type that was so widely read nearly a century ago. From that time to the 'forties the firm republished also many favourite religious books by some of the older writers, such as Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Wilberforce's "Practical View," and several of Bunyan's works.

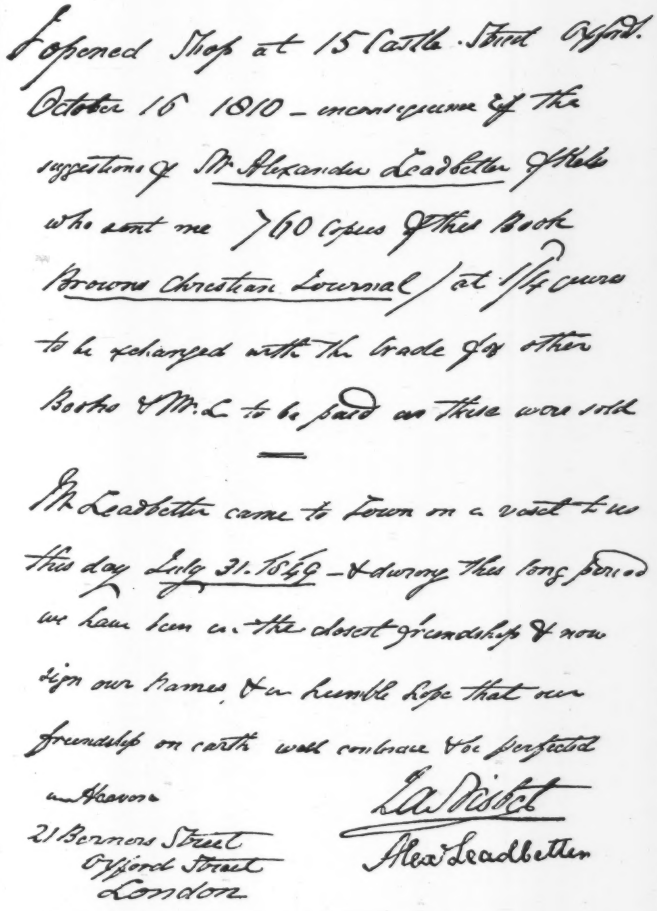
During the decade beginning 1840, Messrs. Nisbet began to produce a long series of volumes entitled "Exeter Hall Lectures." These lectures were by a number of the more distinguished lay and clerical leaders of the Churches; they covered a wide variety of subject, were of a solid, educative character, and when completed comprised about twenty handsome volumes, and their continuous sale for many years testified to the value put upon them by the book-buying public.

Another remarkably successful book of theirs was "Life in Earnest," by Dr. James Hamilton, the accomplished preacher who succeeded to the pulpit of Edward Irving; and in the 'fifties the firm published the first series of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Dr. Horatius Bonar, a few years later seeing the completion of the second and third series. These hymns met with a very warm welcome from the religious public, and are now too well known to require any comment.

In the third quarter of last century the name of Miss Catherine Marsh as a popular religious writer was almost a household word. About 1856 Nisbets' published her "Life of Captain Hedley Vicars," a biography

which had an extraordinarily large circulation. For many years it was perhaps the best known of all religious biographies; it was a familiar volume in practically every religious household; if it was not on the shelf in the library it was lying well-thumbed on the drawing-room table; and now after fifty years it is still being reprinted. A series of smaller books by the same author went through edition after edition, but have not had the same staying power; her Life of her father, Dr. William Marsh, was commended by Mr. Gladstone.

Meanwhile, outside publishing circles, Mr. Nisbet had been working untiringly, spending both his time and his money liberally in the spread of religious teaching and in the cause of social reform. He co-operated with W. Brodie Gurney in the founding of the Sunday School Union, and was counted as a man who could always be relied upon to help in any movement for the betterment of the people. He was admitted to the Freedom of the City of London, was elected Renter Warden of the Stationers' Company, and held among many other offices that of Director and Trustee of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. "His house was the centre of a large portion of the vital Christianity of the last forty years in London," as Dr. Bonar said in the funeral sermon that he preached on Mr. Nisbet. Withal, his business prospered, and about 1820 he found it necessary to remove to larger premises at 21, Berners Street. Here, in 1845, Mr. James Watson joined him as a partner in the firm, and on Mr. Nisbet's death in 1854 Mr. Watson became head of the business, and until his demise in 1880 sedulously maintained its high traditions and widened the scope of it.



Gen: 31-49. —— Gen. 32-10 –

I opened Shop at 15 Castle Street Oxford. October 16 1840 – in consequence of the suggestions of Mr Alexander Leadbetter of Hobart who sent me 760 Copies of the Book Browns Christian Journal / at 1/6 each to be exchanged with the trade for other Books & M.C. to be paid on those were sold

Mr Leadbetter came to town on a visit to us this day July 31. 1849 – & during this long period we have been on the closest friendship & now sign our names, & our humble hope that our friendship on earth will embrace & be perfected in Heaven

21 Berners Street
Oxford Street
London

Jas Nisbet
Alex Leadbetter

Facsimile of note in James Nisbet's handwriting on the fly-leaf of "The Christian Journal," by John Brown, the first book published by the firm.

What middle-aged man who ever loved books when he was a boy has not a warm corner in his heart for R. M. Ballantyne?—the "Ballantyne the Brave" who so influenced Stevenson. Nisbets' started the publication of his famous stories in 1863, and they have probably enjoyed a wider and longer popularity among young readers than the stories of any modern author in the same field. They are still in constant demand, and some of them are now being utilised for educational purposes. The books of the late Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., which appealed, of course, to a very different constituency, were also issued by Messrs. Nisbet, and their sales again were exceptionally large, two of them, "Morning and Night Watches" and "The Mind and Words of Jesus," being now in their three hundred and twenty-third and three hundred and forty-first thousand respectively.

To say nothing of their many other successful publications, Messrs. Nisbet published the sensationally prophetic volumes of Dr. Cumming; books by Dr. Binney and Dr. Parker, Mr. Campbell's predecessors at the City Temple; by Bishops Bickersteth and Rowley Hill, the Rev. Baptist Noel, Canon Bell, Dean Pigou, Dean Farrar, and many another famous clergyman who has been popular both as preacher and author. They have published for Dr. Torrey, the noted American evangelist, during the last fifteen years; and for the Rev. Andrew Murray, whose first book, "Abide in Christ," issued in 1881, has reached a circulation of over a hundred thousand copies; and from their house have come many books for girls by such writers as Mrs. Emma Marshall, Mrs. L. T. Meade, and the author of "The Wide, Wide World." But perhaps one of their chief triumphs came with the publication of the works of Frances Ridley Havergal. They issued a small book of hers in 1872, and followed this a year or two later with three little volumes of religious poetry—"The Ministry of Song," "Under the Surface," and "Under His Shadow"—which were received with enthusiasm by the public to whom they were addressed, and were succeeded by a series of prose books for religious instruction. Miss Havergal's poems became so popular that they were re-issued in large illustrated editions, and in this form commanded immense sales for many years. Her premature death in 1879 had the effect of intensifying the world's interest in her work, and an unprecedented demand arose for her various volumes of poetry in the early years of the 'eighties. Her "Life and Memorials," written by her sister, has attained a circulation of over half a million.

Of recent years the firm has published a good deal of general literature, such as King's "History of Italian Unity" and "Italy To-day"; Lady Lugard's "A Tropical Dependency"; books by Hilaire Belloc on Danton and on Robespierre; several by that eminent writer on economics, J. A. Hobson; "The Story of the Tweed," by Sir Herbert Maxwell; Agnes Weston's "Life Among the Blue-Jackets"; and divers stories of adventure by Gordon Stables.

But in the main Messrs. Nisbet have long been recognised now as Church publishers; the authors connected with the Church of England for whom they have published have been so numerous that the firm has won a settled reputation as one of the leading Church publishing houses in London. Turning over a catalogue of their books written by the chief Church dignitaries of to-day and yesterday and by prominent laymen in the world of religious thought, noting how long it is since some of these books first appeared, and the extent of their circulations, one cannot but reflect that a book of good average ability that has a religious basis certainly seems to have, even as a marketable commodity, quite ten times the vitality of the average novel. To mark the opening of this hundred and first year of their business activity and to emphasise the fact that they are still growing as well as living, Messrs. Nisbet have certain further developments in preparation for this autumn, and in particular will inaugurate a notable departure in the way of a more extensive publication of books of an educational description. They make it abundantly clear that whatever other changes have happened with the passing of years, the enterprising and progressive spirit of their founder remains with them still, a guiding and a potent influence.

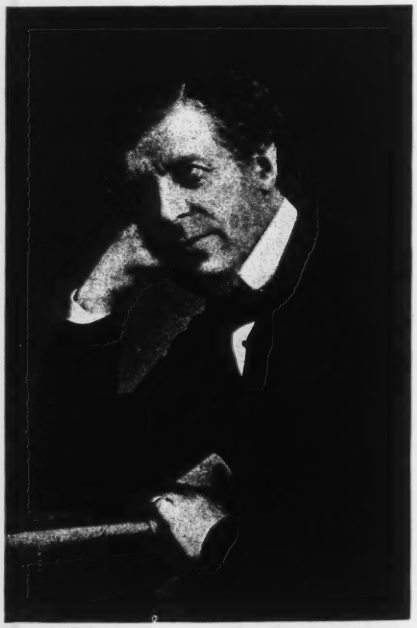


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **James Watson.**

II.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & CO.

A Personal Note.

ABOUT half a century ago the firm of Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. consisted of Mr. James Watson, Mr. Thomas Taylor, and Mr. James Murray. Mr. Watson, formerly a linen-draper, came from Kelso to London to be with Mr. James Nisbet probably about 1845, when the business had been carried on for a few years in Castle Street. Mr. James Murray would no doubt have acted as assistant to Mr. Nisbet about that period or earlier. So devoted was he to his employer that rumour has it that on one occasion when there was a great pressure in business he slept under the counter in order that he might work late and start early in the morning.

In what year Mr. Taylor joined the firm cannot be ascertained. He was well versed in literature, and took a keen interest in politics, and especially in questions relating to Church and State.

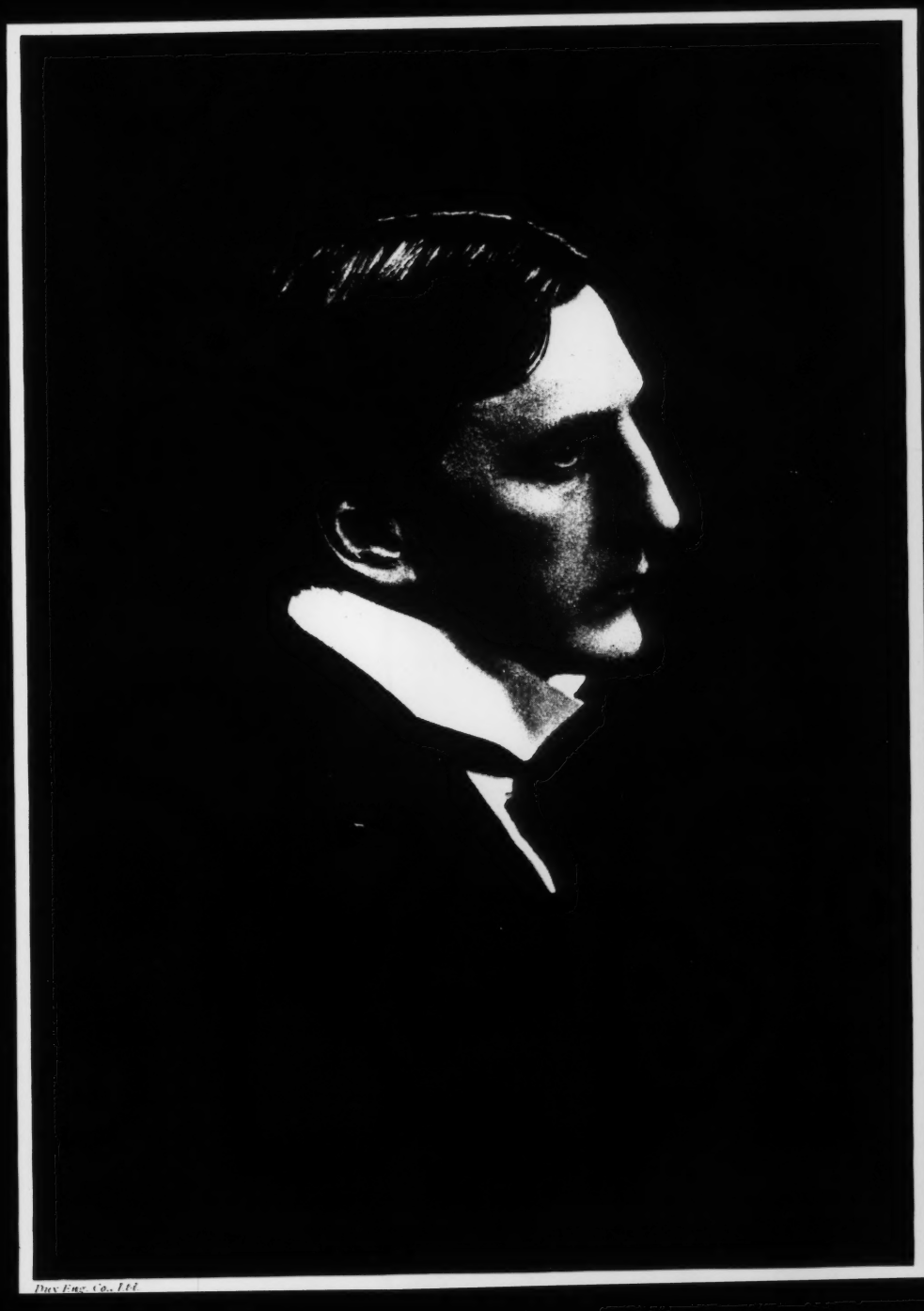
About the period to which allusion is here made, Mr. Watson undertook the principal management of the publishing business. His urbanity of manner and personal charm attracted to him many friends. His house at Endsleigh Gardens was the resort, especially during the month of May, of ministers of the Free Church of Scotland and of the English Presbyterian Church who had come to London to attend the May meetings.

Mr. Murray had the entire charge of the retail department. Throughout the year many well-known men in Christian circles were in the habit of calling at Berners Street for the sake of having a chat with Mr. Watson. Frequently in the morning Mr. Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, might be seen, his tall figure and peculiar attire attracting attention. Mr. C. E. Mudie was a personal friend, and often consulted Mr. Watson.

Many of the popular authors of the day were also to be seen at Berners Street, among whom mention may be made of Dr. Montagu Villiers, Bishop of Carlisle, who afterwards became Bishop of Durham, and was so bitterly attacked by *Punch* for his act of nepotism in presenting his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese, to a good living; and Dr. J. R. McDuff, Rev. J. W. Reeve, of Portman Chapel, Baker Street, Dr. James Hamilton, Dr. Octavius Winslow, Dr. Newman Hall, Stevenson Blackwood, Miss Marsh, Mrs. Ranyard, Mrs. Bayly, and many others.

Mr. Watson wrote personally to all the authors whose works he published, and these letters were written in an attractive style, and in such a way that author and publisher became fast friends, and few ever withdrew from Messrs. Nisbet & Co. in search of another publishing house.

"Memorials of Hedley Vicars," published just after the Crimean War, had an enormous circulation, and



Dux Eng. Co., Ltd.

A. E. W. MASON

was followed a little later by "English Hearts and English Hands," giving an account of Miss Marsh's work among the navvies in Beckenham employed on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, then in course of construction.

"Mendip Annals," a journal of the labours of Hannah and Martha More, was much in request, as also were "Haste to the Rescue," by Mrs. Charles Wightman, and "The Missing Link," by the author of "The Book and Its Story" (Mrs. Ranyard), giving an account of the work of Biblewomen in the homes of the London poor.

The sales of Dr. J. R. McDuff's works were almost beyond computation. His habit was to issue one volume a year at 6s. 6d., and the following year at 3s. 6d. In this way "Memorials of Gennesaret" and "Memorials of Bethany" appeared, which were followed by many others. "Morning and Night Watches" could be found in almost every Christian home in the land. "Is it Possible to Make the Most of Both Worlds?" by Thomas Binney, was issued from Berners Street, also, by arrangement with Robert Carter of New York, the works of Susan and Anna Warner.

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By A. St. John Adcock.

IT is interesting, and a little saddening too, to look through a list of living novelists and pick out the names of those who were well in the first flight of popularity not more than ten or fifteen years ago, but have since fallen back steadily, year after year, into the second, third, fourth flights, until now they are almost absorbed in the multitudinous rearward ranks, where the unpopular and the mediocre rub shoulders with those who still ruffle it obscurely on the strength of a past reputation, for their new books, that come out at regular intervals, fall and go under nowadays without making any splash. Those later efforts of theirs may be as good as their earlier, sometimes they are technically better, but somehow they fail to repeat or maintain the success their author achieved at the outset; each appears with less and less of a flourish, and makes a dwindling appeal, till the author has quite worn out the glittering halo of his sudden glory, and must needs content himself with the common hat of the respectable novelist of merely average sales. It is interesting to study that list, because it starts you dredging after reasons for the irreparable decline of so many popularities, and you invariably start more theories for it than you have leisure to pursue; and it is saddening, as the spectacle of any descent from a roaring and dazzling triumph into the quietness and shadow of comparative failure always must be.

As for those reasons that the inquirer dredges up from the deeps, I have not space here to exhibit more than one. It is easier to become popular than to remain so; for no author can take the public by surprise a second time. The novel that has some freshness of fable or style, though it be in some ways crude and in no way great, may do the trick at once; but if this is followed up by a succession of books in a too-similar vein, showing no ripening of the writer's mind, no further store of knowledge or invention, nothing but a sprightly repetition of that same morning freshness that was well enough when the day was new, the public begins to yawn and go away. Breakfast is welcome as a first meal, but you don't want breakfast again at lunch-time. A juggler, when he has exhausted his little repertoire and finds the plate coming back to him almost empty, can roll up his scrap of carpet, walk round the corner, and in the next street collect a different crowd, to whom all his old tricks are new; but no author can hope to attract a fresh public for each fresh book he produces—his only way of success is to keep sure hold on his first public, and add to it, and this he cannot do unless he matures in his books as he does, or should do, in himself. His public is growing older all the while, and the pathos and humour and general outlook on life that satisfy a young man or a young woman will not, in the main, make an equal appeal to them when they arrive at maturity. The sort of humour that tickles you to boisterous laughter to-day will scarcely move you to a smile when you have lived, enjoyed, worked, and suffered for another decade or so in such a world as this; the pathetic passage that melted you to pleasant tears ten years ago jars upon you when you re-read it now, and seems but shallow, affected, youthful sentimentality; what you had once thought a dashingly

Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

A. E. W. Mason.

A new portrait

"'Fortune is kind to us both, madam,' said Wogan with a bow."
From the cover illustration to "Clementina," in Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny Series.

romantic incident or character bores you now by its tinsel unreality. You have been growing up, and if the growth of your favourite novelist does not at least keep pace with your own, you naturally pass on and leave him behind you. If "David Copperfield" had been simply another "Oliver Twist," Dickens would have been but the novelist of an age, and that not the middle age.

It is largely, I think, because he has gone on with a broadening vision of life, a steadily ripening knowledge of the world, and sympathy with human character, that Mr. A. E. W. Mason has retained the popularity he won fourteen years ago with "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." Read "Morrice Buckler" again, and then "The Four Feathers" and "The Broken Road," and you will realise at once how Mr. Mason has grown up with his readers; you can read "Morrice Buckler" still with keenest pleasure, but the later books yield you a fuller enjoyment—they have put off the delightful glamour and reckless gallantries of gay romance, and have put on the soberer, more enduring garb of humanity, that does not wear romance upon its sleeve, but more poignantly, more wonderfully, at the troubled heart of it.

Mr. Mason was born in 1865. He is an old Dulwich College boy, and took his B.A. degree at Oxford. At Oxford, too, he showed a strong predilection for the drama, and was one of the University's amateur actors. He has his place in that record of the Oxford Amateurs that was recently written by Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Later, he took to the stage in earnest, and toured the provinces with the Benson Company and the Compton Comedy Company, and played in London as one of the soldiers in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." But the ambition that summoned him to the stage presently called him off again, and in 1895 he commenced his career as a novelist.

It was not a very promising beginning. His first novel, "A Romance of Wastdale," was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews; it was well enough received by critics, but the public did not rise to it, and Mr. Mason seems to have suppressed it with unnecessary rigour, for competent judges who have read the book assure me it was one of more than ordinary distinction, and merited a better fate. However, its author had not long to wait for his due meed; he was not destined to tread that orthodox way to fame which is paved with rejected manuscripts. A year later, in 1896, Messrs. Macmillan promptly accepted "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and its publication immediately gave Mr. Mason his place as an uncommonly popular novelist. It was the book of the day; within a few weeks everybody was reading and talking of it; it ran through I don't know how many thousands, and, like most of Mr. Mason's stories, has now an unflagging sale in one of the popular sixpenny series.

"The Philanderers" appeared in 1897, and in quick succession came "Laurence Clavering" (of which Messrs. Ward, Lock the other day issued a cheap two-shilling edition); "Parson Kelly," written in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang, and published by Longmans; "Miranda of the Balcony"; "The Watchers";

From the cover illustration to "The Broken Road," in Messrs. Newnes' Series of Sixpenny Copyright Novels.

Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

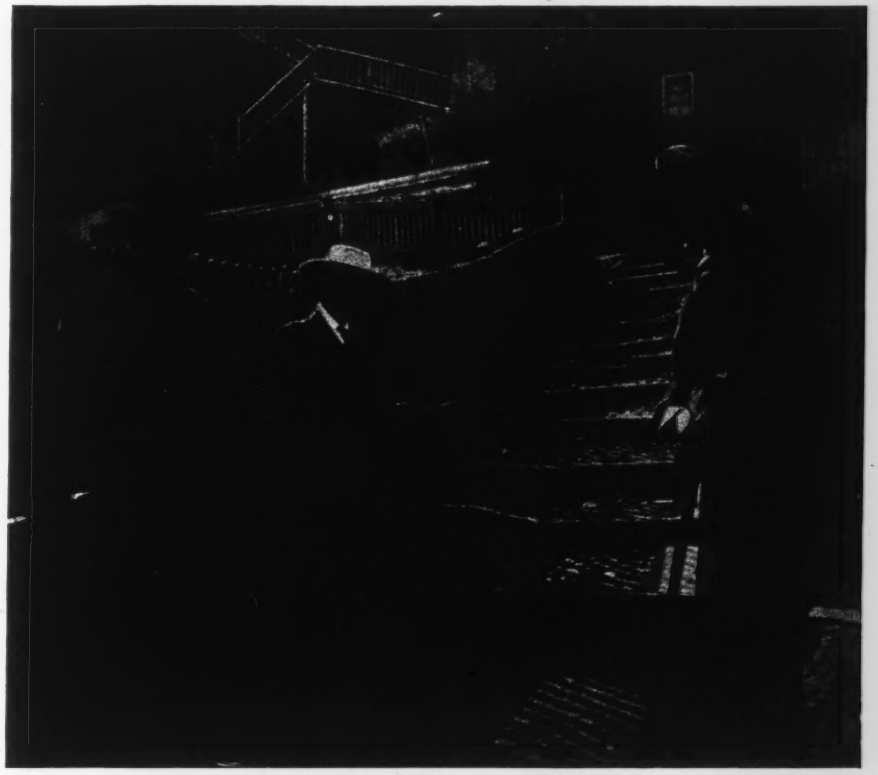
Kite Hill, Wootton, Isle of Wight, where Mr. A. E. W. Mason spent most of last summer.

"Ensign Knightly," an admirable collection of short stories; "Clementina," that has all the dash and headlong gallantry of Dumas and a grace and pathos that Dumas had not; "The Four Feathers," from the house of Smith, Elder; "Running Water"; "The Broken Road"; and, a day or two ago, his latest novel, "At the Villa Rose."

Moreover, since he gave up acting in other people's plays, Mr. Mason has written three or four plays of his own. In collaboration with Miss Isabel Bateman he dramatised "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and it was successfully produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and had a longish run through the provinces; in 1901 a dramatic version of "Miranda of the Balcony" was staged in New York; 1909 saw the production of his drama of "Colonel Smith"; and last year his picturesque comedy, "Marjorie Strode," was introduced to London playgoers by Mr. Cyril Maude.

Most authors would have found these varied interests sufficient to fill all their time and blunt the edge of their natural energies, but Mr. Mason does not belie his looks, and has more energy than most; he is not one of the sedentary breed nor contented to study life in books or from his library window; the noise and business of it have always called to him irresistibly; he has roamed the world rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of humanity everywhere, and his later books mirror much of his own experiences and the countries and people he has known. In 1906 his superabundant energies sought a new outlet, or a new ambition prompted him, and he entered the world of politics, threw for Parliamentary honours, and was elected M.P. for Coventry. He signalised his advent in the House of Commons with a notable maiden speech, proved himself shrewd and eloquent in debate, and if he had not escaped we might in due season have been the richer by a sagacious and sympathetic Cabinet Minister, and one brilliant novelist the poorer. But fortunately the fascinations of the Mother of Parliaments were not so potent as the charms of that Muse who presides over the doings of all good novelists, and at the last General Election Mr. Mason was not to be persuaded to offer himself as a candidate again.

Fortunately, I say, because the air of the House of Commons is not healthful breathing for poets or for novelists. It is for them a soporific and a suffocating air. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact remains that when a writer of imaginative literature has sat in



A. E. W. Mason, J. M. Barrie, and their guide in Switzerland.

that House for more than a very limited period, an obese dulness settles down upon his faculties, communicates itself to his pen, and impedes the fine flow of his ink. What plays did Sheridan write after he took his seat there? And who shall say that Lytton might not have written with fewer capital letters, and less of the facile big bow-wow in his tone, if only he had not ventured into that fatal atmosphere? Anyhow, I am for my part relieved that Mr. Mason has come out of danger in good time, and so far his sojourn in the House has had no influence at all on his novels, unless it was his stay there that turned his thoughts towards India, and that grave problem of the education of its native Princes in England, and resulted in his writing one of the most impressive and intensely interesting of his books—"The Broken Road"; and in that case he has brought more good out of it than any novelist whoever went into it, except perhaps Disraeli, and Disraeli was really a politician in his romances and a romancist in his politics, so he can hardly be counted. Mr. Mason's other activities take the form of travelling, mountain-climbing, sailing, and you might gather as much from his stories; the open air blows through them all. The spirit of the Alps and the enormous shadow of them dominate "Running Water"; and the skies and landscapes and peoples of present-day Egypt, Italy, India, fill the pages of "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," and "At the Villa Rose."

In the first five years after the appearance of "Morrice Buckler," Mr. Mason wrote some half-dozen romances of the same brisk, airy, and delightful type; but with the end of "Clementina" he concluded that phase of his development. You remember how in that masterly novel Wogan, speaking of his lame horse to the flower-like but firm-willed Lady Featherstone, answers a question of hers with, "Madam, I would not lose that horse for all the world, for the woman I shall marry will ride on it into my city of dreams." But to the last that horse carries no such rider. Wogan wins Clementina for his King without a country, the exiled James Stuart, and by his loyal persistency forces him to marry her, but the great political results that were to have accrued from this union never did come of it. James and his wife were presently estranged; she withdrew into a convent, and Wogan, a lonely bachelor, was fittingly rewarded with the Governorship of La Mancha in Spain.

"Matters of the heart he left alone and meddled with no more. Nor did any woman ever ride on his black horse into the city of his dreams. He lived and died a bachelor. The memory of that week when he had rescued his Princess and carried her through the snows was to the last too vivid in his thoughts. The thunderous roll of the carriage down the slopes, the sparks striking from the wheels, the sound of Clementina's voice singing softly in the darkness of the carriage, the walk under the stars to Ala, the coming of the dawn about that lonely hut, high placed amongst the pines—these recollections, one may think, bore him company through many a solitary evening. Somehow the world had gone awry."

It is not often that the world is allowed to go awry at the close of such a charming romance as this; but the book is the stronger, and so takes firmer root in the memory, because of that touch of realism. The sad little Clementina in her convent, the gallant Wogan left to his solitary dreamings and a humdrum middle-age, are more appealing figures than a Clementina and Wogan happily mated on the final page in spite of all improbabilities; for so baffled, they become more akin to most of us, more mortal and as if living in this world of our own, that we cannot clothe in sunshine whenever we choose.

And I take it as someway significant that on the dainty heels of the Clementina of that natural, mundane ending came "The Four Feathers," the finest and most poignantly human story Mr. Mason has yet told for us. Here he has done with the wild loves and gay adventures and involved, unscrupulous intriguings of a hundred and two hundred years ago; he strikes an altogether deeper note and unfolds a romance of our own times, a thing fashioned of the joys and sorrows of men and women who are no gossamer creatures of fancy subject only to the laws of a world

From a drawing by Stuart Boyd. **A. E. W. Mason.**

Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

A. E. W. Mason in the garden of his house at Kite Hill.

that never was, but unphenomenal flesh-and-blood mortals such as we are or such as we have met. The character of Harry Feversham is a careful study in the psychology of an apparent coward who proves himself more of a hero than some who have never been afraid. He is a sensitive, highly imaginative man and, scared by the dangers he is painfully able to foresee, he shrinks and runs from them before they are near enough for others to realise; but once they are upon him, and he can come to actual grips with them, he forgets his fears, and bears himself bravely with the bravest. On the eve of war, he resigns his commission in the Army, and three of his brother officers each send him a white feather in token of their contempt. He has other and plausible grounds for his resignation, but is troubled, and at a ball tells the girl he loves of all that has happened, faintly hoping to justify himself to her; but she, too, fails to understand him, is touched with scorn of him, and plucking a white feather from her fan, adds it to the other three.

"The thing which she had done was cruel no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady and her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three."

But she did not rightly know her own heart, and he was not willing to give her up so easily. Instead of throwing the feathers away, as she had thought he would, he puts them carefully into his breast pocket, and a little later tells his friend Sutch, in confidence, why he has done so:

"'Indeed, I treasure them,' said Harry quietly. 'That seems strange to you. To you they are symbols of my disgrace. To me they are much more. They are my opportunities of retrieving it. . . . What if I could compel Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby to take back from me, each in turn, the feather he sent? I do not say that it is likely. I do not say even that it is possible. But there is a chance that it may be possible, and I must wait upon that chance. There will be few men leading active lives, as these three do, who will not at some moment stand in great peril and great need. To be in readiness for that moment is now my career. All three are in Egypt. I leave for Egypt to-morrow.'"

Here is the same spirit of romance that informed the earlier novels, but it is wearing a more human shape and is touched to finer issues. That story of how Feversham more than worked out his redemption on the grim battle-fields of Egypt is one of the biggest things in modern fiction; so, too, is the quietly pathetic scene near the close, where he returns and meets Ethne again, and she is far from having forgotten him. He has proved his soul in Egypt, and Willoughby and Trench have gladly taken their feathers back and carried them to Ethne, and told her why. He has redeemed also the third feather, Castleton's, and Trench has told her how nobly he did so, and the knowledge of all this is with both of them when Harry comes to her at last.

"'I am sorry,' he said. 'I did you a great wrong six years ago, and I need not.'

"She held out her hand to him.

"'Will you give it to me, please?'

"And for a moment he did not understand.

"'That fourth feather,' she said.

"He drew his letter-case from his coat, and shook two feathers out into the palm of his hand. The larger one, the ostrich feather, he held out to her. But she said—

"'Both.'

"There was no reason why he should keep Castleton's feather any longer. He handed them both to her, since she asked for them, and she clasped them, and with a smile treasured them against her breast.

"'I have the feathers now,' she said.

"'Yes,' said Feversham; 'all four. What will you do with them?'

"Ethne's smile became a laugh.

"'Do with them!' she cried in scorn. 'I shall do nothing with them. I shall keep them. I am very proud to have them to keep.'"

Nevertheless, she knows and he knows that, as things are, nothing is possible now between them but a renewal of friendship and esteem. Though she loves him still, serious obstacles have arisen that look like keeping them for ever apart; but a way is found to the happier ending, and it comes as naturally here as that sadder finish came to Clementina.

Mr. Mason has progressed immensely in the understanding of life and mastery of his craft since he took us all by storm with "Morrice Buckler"; those excellent younger romances of his rank with the best of their order; they have certain qualities of easy vigour and imagination and literary finish that are distinctively their own; but in "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," and "Running Water" he rises to a higher level; his plots have more of the aspect and colour of life, and his characters are no longer the cut-and-thrust prodigies and gloriously irresponsible dream-people of a largely imaginary past, but veritable women and men of to-day, with virtues and vices that are common to the race. He has not, like so many successful authors, gone contentedly and continually to the same restricted source of inspiration till he has drawn it dry or broken his bucket; he has kept his eyes open and his mind open, and has found other and richer sources that are not to be reached till one has travelled far in experience of the world and acquaintance with human nature.

In his newest novel, Mr. Mason makes yet another departure. "At the Villa Rose" is a thrilling romance of mystery and imagination such as one associates with the genius of Poe. Cunning use is made in it of a bogus spiritualistic séance to heighten the strange terror of the crime that is hidden at the heart of the mystery; and Mr. Mason draws his characters with a skill and insight that give probability and verisimilitude to his plot. Even his astute detective is not one of the machine-made specimens of popular sensational fiction; and the reader is thrown off the scent by such a boldly original device that it is safe to say his suspicions will not fall on the guilty man till the labours of the detective have sufficiently unmasked him. This is an experiment in a branch of his art that Mr. Mason has not attempted before, and a wholly successful experiment that without challenging comparison with either of his other books is as cleverly handled and makes in its different kind as good reading as any of them.

New Books.

AN AMERICAN IN BERLIN.*

"My book," says Mr. Viereck, in a preface which is a laudatory review in itself, "is journalism only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the 'Reisebilder' of Heine," and leaves his readers to infer from that statement that he must have read the "Reisebilder" in a translation. As a matter of fact, with the exception of certain extravagances which any sub-editor could be trusted to excise, his book is journalism in its most accepted and vernacular sense, and journalism frequently of the highest order. It is a record of his observations in Germany, with a brief excursion to Denmark, during a visit from America, and we notice with relief, after the portentous menace of the preface, that he is not above observing that rents are high in Berlin and a German doctor's wife is formally addressed as "Mrs. Doctor."

Mr. Viereck is the grandson of the actress, Edwina Viereck, whose bust in marble stands at the entrance to the Royal Theatre in Berlin. His grandfather was the founder of the German Theatre in San Francisco; and it is natural that when he comes to speak of the artistic and literary life of Berlin he should be at his best. Indeed, it is curious to note how, after nine chapters of dogmatism on the subjects of militarism, Kaiserism, bureaucracy, and the like, he becomes sympathetic and informative about Berlin's theatres. Even his fashion of writing changes; he is less staccato, his sentences cease to suggest an irreverent parody of Walt Whitman, and he renders at last a sober and thoughtful effect of the city's strong enterprise in matters of art. This is a thing that was worth doing and waited to be done, and to do it worthily is a function that the journalist has hitherto neglected.

Modern drama in Berlin, Mr. Viereck tells us, is in the hands of two managers: Brahms at the Lessing Theater, and Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theater. "Brahms stands for realism, Reinhardt for everything else." When Beerbohm Tree produced Shakespeare in Berlin, he had to endure comparison with Reinhardt's production of the plays, and Berlin, says Mr. Viereck, found him "dazzling but superficial." It is Reinhardt who maintains as an adjunct to the Deutsches Theater the little playhouse where the famous *Kammerspiele* take place. "The little theatre housing the Chamber-plays is a jewel-box lined with silk. Everything is subdued and costly. . . . Prices are almost prohibitive. . . . Strange women in strange garbs and uncouth men with curious beards and long hair, the Supermen's Brigade, are here assembled in solemn conclave with the aristocracy of birth and finance. . . . Emotion is suppressed. No applause is allowed. . . . In this assemblage, Stirner is a truism, Nietzsche *passé*." It is here that authors such as Wedekind, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and Schnitzler are presented to an audience trained in discrimination and appreciation of what is fine in drama.

The measure of Berlin's interest in its theatres may be inferred from the fact that it was possible for Meta Illing to open an English theatre, not for English and Americans, but for Germans. Goethe's *Iphigenia* was actually played in Esperanto under the direction of Emmanuel Reicher—which seems excessive. "There is everywhere," says Mr. Viereck, commenting on this phenomenon, "the desire to conquer new territory by shattering the barriers of foreign tongues." And even if this should not be so, and it should prove that the production took place during an Esperanto Congress in Berlin and was not thereafter repeated, it is clear that the art of the theatre is a matter of general interest, in close relationship to the life of the

* "Confessions of a Barbarian." By George Sylvester Viereck. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

people, and that Germany in this respect is at least a generation ahead of England.

In Denmark the author interviewed George Brandes; in Berlin he seems to have interviewed the Kaiser, and received from him a warning that the Church of Rome would one day threaten American liberty. The Kaiser is not named; we are told that it will be quite impossible to fathom the identity of the Distinguished Personage who gave the warning. But the account of the interview bristles with indications from which there is no escaping.

"The interview took place at his dwelling. I shall not describe the dwelling. I shall not even describe the room. I don't know that I could describe it. The moment he entered I saw only his eyes. . . . He looked at me for five minutes. . . . Gradually I regained my self-possession."

They talked of America when the five-minute-long scrutiny was at an end, and the Distinguished Personage developed a prophetic vein. "God has made the white race the guardian of His holy fire," he said. "We must cast out the half-breed from the sanctuary." Can there be two Personages in Germany who are as sure of God as all that? About the secret counsels of the Vatican, too, he was augustly confident.

"'I have positive knowledge (said the Distinguished Personage) that the Inner Circle of the government of the Church have outlined a campaign that will enable the Pope, if occasion arises, to establish his power and rear the throne of St. Peter on American soil. In the shadow of that throne, your liberty will perish.'

"A dozen anxious questions rushed to the tip of my tongue, but before I had time to marshal my thoughts, a uniformed attendant interrupted us a second time.

"'His Royal Highness,' I heard him murmur, 'has been waiting for several minutes.'

"Half sceptically, half perplexed, I kowtowed and left the field to the Royal Highness."

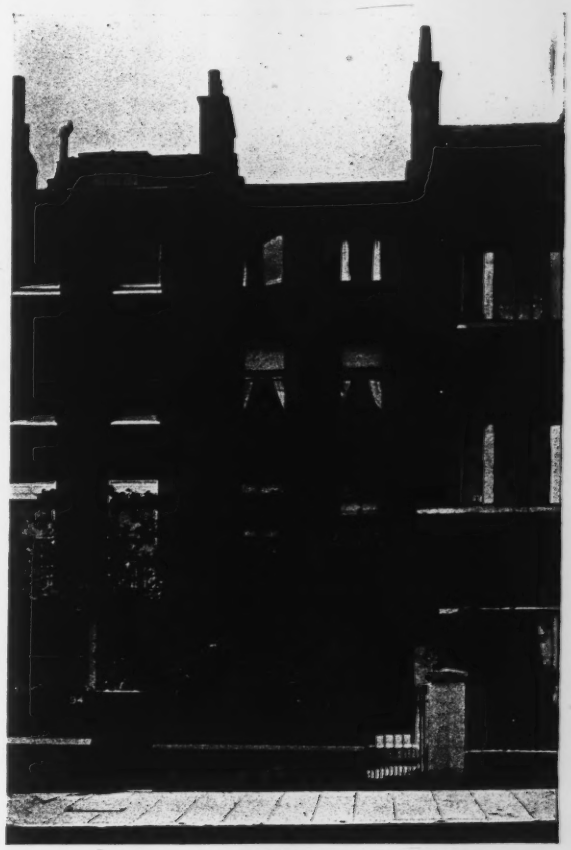
Mr. Viereck kowtowed; could anything be clearer?

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF MRS. GASKELL.*

It was Mrs. Gaskell's strongly-expressed desire that no biography of her should be published, and her daughters, eminently fitted as they were in every way for such a task, scrupulously refrained from publishing anything in the nature of a life. Yet here is a volume of 475 large octavo pages which in all but name is a biography. When the homes, the haunts, and the stories of a novelist have been dealt with at this length, what more can remain to be told? And the life of Mrs. Gaskell, whilst full of interest, was not eventful in the ordinary sense; it had its trials and sorrows, but it was free from the tragic gloom that overshadowed the Brontë household of genius. Her life was healthy, active, and useful. In the happiness of her home life she was fortunate—where some women of genius have been most unlucky. She was richly endowed by nature, was singularly beautiful of aspect, had a keen and cultivated mind, a quick faculty of observation, a gift of direct and unembarrassed expression, and a redeeming humour that prevented her constant sympathy for suffering and her perception of the tragedy that so often underlies the commonplaces of life from degenerating into vaporous sentimentality.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, the daughter of a man of ability, whose energies ranged from farming to archæology, and from preaching to writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, was born at Chelsea in 1810, lost her mother early, was brought up mainly at Knutsford, but had passing experiences of Stratford-on-Avon, Edinburgh, and Newcastle, and settled in Manchester as the wife of the



Mrs. Gaskell's Birthplace.
(Formerly known as 1, Belle Vue; later as 12, Lindsey Row, and now as 93, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.)
From "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts, and Stories." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister distinguished by natural gifts and scholarly culture. The union was one of great happiness, but not without sorrows. It was to distract her thoughts from the loss in childhood of her only son that she began, by the suggestion of her husband, to write "Mary Barton," the publication of which, in 1848, placed her at once in the front rank of the English writers of her time. The training of her daughters, the duties of a pastor's wife, with holidays at home and abroad, were combined for the rest of her life with excellent work in creative literature. Mrs. Gaskell had the faculty both for long and short stories, and her power ranged from light and delicate humour to dark shadows of tragedy. Then her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is one of the greatest biographical works in the English language. It was probably as the result of vexations arising out of its publication that she expressed a strong desire that no biography of herself should be allowed to appear. Her latest work, left incomplete by her sudden death in 1865, shows her genius at its highest and ripest development. Such is the life-story that Mrs. Chadwick essays to tell. In the absence of letters and authorised details, Mrs. Chadwick has searched Mrs. Gaskell's writings for all that ingenuity can construe into autobiography, and has sought out all the places that have been claimed as the localities of her narratives. There are appreciative references to the Rev. William Gaskell, but more might be said of him. His public services, his pulpit fame, his good influence on the many young men to whom he imparted his own love of literature, his scholarly skill in the then unusual study of dialects, his gifts as a hymn-writer, and his conversational power all marked him out as a remarkable man.

There are many errors, important and unimportant, in Mrs. Chadwick's book. The Manchester School of Art is

* "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts, and Stories." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. With 39 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

not close to the University (p. 193). The High School is not on the site of the house in which Mrs. Gaskell's early married life was passed (p. 93). The Nursing Home (p. 346) was founded as a memorial of Miss Julia Gaskell *only*, and is specially *not* for the artisan class: the entrance being limited to those who can pay two guineas weekly but *not more*. It was founded to carry out an express wish of Miss Julia Gaskell. The portrait of Mrs. Gaskell was painted by Mrs. Swynnerton, not by Miss Fox (p. 447); by the "Barbaulds and the Aitkens" who are referred to on p. 41 are meant the Aikins, who are thus by a change of spelling transformed Scottish literati. Mrs. Barbauld's early writings were published in conjunction with her brother, Dr. John Aikin, who was the literary helper of John Howard, the philanthropist. A statement on p. 420 seems to imply that Mrs. Gaskell was a frequent or occasional visitor to Brighton, but she never set foot in that sunny haunt favoured of Thackeray. And this fact invalidates the story told on p. 419 respecting Thackeray's daughters and the circumstances under which Mrs. Gaskell prohibited the writing of her biography.

A question of taste—good or bad—is raised by Mrs. Chadwick's references to financial details. It may be doubted if it is necessary for the world at large to know that in Mrs. Chadwick's view the rent of the house in which the Gaskells lived was probably more than they could afford at the time, but such an opinion should not be expressed unless the writer has had full data for forming a correct judgment. Mrs. Chadwick has omitted to take into account the fact which was, and is, well known that Mr. Gaskell, in addition to his ministerial stipend, inherited private means which alone were much larger than the emoluments of many of his profession, whether in the Established Church or in the Nonconformist communities. The failure to grasp this consideration vitiates all that Mrs. Chadwick has said on a subject it would have been more delicate to leave untouched. The account of the purchase and plans about the Holybourne house and of Mrs. Gaskell's death there are inaccurate in many respects.

There are similar difficulties in another part of the subject—a part which occupies much attention in this book. "It is not generally known," writes Mrs. Chadwick, "that Darwin was the model for Roger Hamley in 'Wives and Daughters'" (pp. 14, 425). It is indeed not generally known, for there is absolutely no foundation in fact for the suggestion. The process of reasoning appears to be: Roger Hamley in the novel is a scientific traveller; Charles Darwin in real life was a scientific traveller—therefore Roger Hamley is a portrait of Charles Darwin—whom Mrs. Gaskell never saw. The taste for identifying fictitious characters with real persons is one that needs to be restrained within reasonable limits. A photographer must have a figure before his camera if he is to make a picture at all, but an artist is under no such compulsion. It is a degradation of literature to think of the poet or novelist as merely a mirror reflecting the images of persons met in social intercourse. After all, the creative faculty is the distinctive gift of genius, and without it the work of the novelist would be barren and empty. The poet, whether in prose or verse, is a composer, not a transcriber. That Mrs. Gaskell, like all other artists, received suggestions from her impressions of those whom she met is obviously certain, but in the painting of a character in fiction diverse elements would be blended and the final result would be a new creation, a type, and not the reproduction of an individual. It is those who fail to realise this elementary condition of art that think, notwithstanding Dickens's disclaimer, Horace Skimpole to be a true picture of Leigh Hunt. When these reservations are kept in view, the identification of characters—or should we say of the source of characters?—is justifiable, and may sometimes be important in regard to the author's development. But it is a path surrounded by pitfalls for the unwary traveller.

Having said this much as to errors of fact and method, it is a duty, and a pleasanter one, to bear willing testimony to the industry with which Mrs. Chadwick has laboured. The illustrations are numerous and well-selected, though the portrait at p. 444 was never regarded as satisfactory. The book is evidently the fruit of long preparation and research, and is the work of one who ardently realises the beauty and value of the life and teachings of Mrs. Gaskell.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THAT VILLAIN SHAKESPEARE.*

When a man starts out to prove (what many persons hold strongly but temperately) that Shakespeare's plays and poems were written by Bacon, and indulges in uncontrolled and unmeasured vituperation, we are naturally on our guard as to the "proofs" he advances. Not only does Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence gather up odd scraps of evil gossip (suppressing the good) into one mud-pie to fling at Shakespeare, but denounces him as a rustic clown who could not write his own name, or even read a line of print, calls him "miser," "the sordid money-lender of Stratford" (which description tradition applies rather to John Combe), "the mean, drunken, ignorant, unlettered rustic of Stratford, 'the swine without a head,'" "one of a gang of deer-stealers," "blackmailer," and "lying rascal," who is to be identified, according to Sir Edwin, with Ben Jonson's Sogliardo, and so, he tells us, is "the filth" and "the scum of the earth."

In order to support his allegations, Sir Edwin is prolific in "proofs" which are no proofs. We are not impressed by the fact that both Bacon and Shakespeare used the word "invention" in the same year. Ignorant, apparently, of the fact that names, like words, in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, were spelled variously and phonetically, he makes great play with the different spellings of "Shakespeare," and yet is not warned by his own quotation that spells ink "inke" and "yncke" within a few lines. He declares, without proof, that in "The Great Assizes holden in Pernassus" (1645) the "jurours" and "malefactours" are the same, and that Shakespeare is one of the malefactors. The fact is, he is named therein along with Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, who are textually described as "poets good and true." This is nothing to Sir Edwin, who asks us to believe, on his bare assertion, that "Bacon's trouble was to get Shakespeare's name attached to the plays," and that the famous portrait engraved by Droeshout as the frontispiece to the First Folio of 1623 consists of two left arms and a mask—to show that it conceals Bacon behind it. He "proves" it by stating "every tailor will admit" that the right arm "is the back of the left arm"; and a hundred pages later declares that he has thus proved his point. This sort of nonsense runs through the book—first a wild *ipse dixit*, then a reiteration of it, and then the calm assurance of established proof.

Moreover, Sir Edwin's misrepresentations are numerous, albeit seemingly sincere. But if we test certain statements that might create an impression if swallowed on trust, we see the worthlessness of them. He takes corresponding pages of "Love's Labour's Lost," one from the Folio and one from the Quarto, because they both begin with the same sentence, to prove an alleged self-revelation of Bacon. It is important for him that the word "honorificabilitudinitatibus" should be the 151st word on the page. He asks us "of course" (why?) not to count in the 21 Latin and other words in the dialogue printed in italics (to say nothing of the stage directions) and we shall be rewarded by finding the mystic word is the 151st. *But we do not.* It is the 148th.

* "Bacon is Shakespeare." By Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

So we are made, in order to suit his absurd cryptogram, to count the spelt-out word "debt" as four words! How simple! Then we are asked if it is not a proof of Bacon's marvellous genius that this long word of 27 letters is on the 27th line of the page. But it isn't—in the Quarto; and it is only so in the Folio if we count in the Latin and other words in italics which before we were told "of course" to ignore. Again, it is necessary that the word should appear on the 33rd line of the page (because "33" is of solemnly Baconian import); so, as it is really on the 32nd, we are quietly directed to count in the italic headline. If Baconian references occur elsewhere on 32nd or 53rd lines, that, we are informed, is owing to "printer's errors"—yet it is actually a printer's error which makes his 151st word out of the 150th in one of the editions!

But this is not all. Sir Edwin has made a tremendous discovery. If A equals 1, B equals 2, and so on, the numerical value of "honorificabilitudinitatibus" equals 287 (with certain concessions to the alphabet). Now, if we count the letters of Ben Jonson's address "To the Reader" under, or opposite, Droeshout's print (according to the edition) and include the heading "To the Reader" and the two letters of Ben Jonson's signature, and count the two w's as four letters in line 9, but not in other lines, we find—287! Think of the mystery lurking behind the coincidence (which Sir Edwin puts forward without acknowledgment, but which Mr. E. V. Tanner has since declared is his own discovery privately told by him to Sir Edwin ten years ago)! Can you deny now that Bacon stands self-revealed? To confirm this Sir Edwin advances a cryptogram which seems to us to deliver a mortal blow at his reputation as a controversialist and a student. He wants to prove that the Bacon of Shakespeare is Francis, who signed his name "Fra." So he takes a table from a "cryptographic book," dated 1624, which he audaciously asserts, without a shred of evidence, "was issued as the key to the Shakespeare Folio," and says it reveals the letters FRA. Having followed his instructions closely, we say, categorically, that it does not; for the principle which gives us F gives us, instead of R and A, P and T—unless, for no earthly reason, we skip first two and then three letters.

Similarly, it appears that when Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate followers say things which don't fit in with Sir Edwin's needs, the sly rogues mean the exact opposite—they are setting "cunningly devised clues" and "snares." Thus when Leonard Digges (in the First Folio) in apostrophising Shakespeare, says "When Time dissolves thy Stratford monument," he means "When Time dissolves thy Stratford mask"; when Ben Jonson affirms that Droeshout has striven in his portrait to "out-do the life" and that "he hath hit his face," he means "do out" or shut out the life, and "hath hid" his face. Again, he asserts that a page from the Quarto is "exactly reproduced" in the Folio with a single literal alteration; examination shows that there are a dozen such alterations. He takes the frontispiece of Bacon's Dutch edition of the "History of Henry VII." and declares the figure on it to represent Nemesis, and builds up an argument on that; as a matter of fact it is not a figure of Nemesis, but of Fortune—Fata Morgana, with her forelock blown forward as it should be and her hand turning her wheel. That knocks the bottom out of Sir Edwin's contention. In short, the "bounce" of the book is Napoleonic.

The author seizes on Mrs. Stopes's error (in supposing that the very inaccurate engraving of the Stratford monument in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire" truly represented the monument when first erected) to throw discredit on that undoubtedly genuine piece of Jacobean design. We have no space to prove our words here, but would remind the reader that several of the illustrations of other monuments that figured in the same book are equally misrepresentative.

The main contention of the work before us appears to be that Bacon was engaged in a vast conspiracy to conceal, and yet claim, authorship of the works, and employed in it not only that lying rascal Shakespeare (in a matter demanding long-drawn-out secrecy, loyalty, and discretion), but Ben Jonson ("one of his left hands") and a crowd of poets, printers, editors, actors, and Heaven knows how many else besides—and all that he might emerge as the true author 287 years after the publication of the First Folio—that is, in this year of grace 1910! That Shakespeare's foul name appears prominently on the list of the company of actors is explained away as "part of the plot." Droeshout's other inartistic frontispieces (poor fellow, he did his best) conveyed, we are told, smaller conspiracies. Yet not a word of this conspiracy leaked out for 230 years—this alleged conspiracy by which Bacon and his creatures—if we are to believe this farrago of nonsense—were intriguing to rob Shakespeare of his fame and credit long after he was laid to rest. A fine contention, truly! When Ben Jonson was apostrophising the Sweet Swan of Avon, we are told, he was belauding Bacon; and in the line—"Though thou had'st small Latin and less Greek"—we are asked to believe he was addressing the great scholar who was notoriously overflowing with both. And "when thy socks were on"—the actor's "socks"—refers to the great man who, we are to understand, concealed his authorship only because one historical play, and that not the first, had angered Queen Elizabeth.

Again, Sir Edwin seeks to prove that Bacon, the writer of the Sonnets, was in his lifetime "an acknowledged poet," indeed, "the Greatest of Poets." If that be so, and Sir Edwin carries conviction of it, what becomes of the Conspiracy?—the secret was out even while Bacon wrote! Sir Edwin cannot have it both ways.

No. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is the victim of his own obsession, and few true Baconians will regard without regret this monument of childish, misguided, and wrong-headed ingenuity. With more space we could expose it more completely; but perhaps we have done enough.

M. H. Spielmann.

CLAYHANGER.*

When Mr. Arnold Bennett cares to do his best, he can produce work that is very good indeed. He has taken an important place among novelists with "The Old Wives' Tale"; among the small band of short-story writers worthy of serious consideration he is distinguished as the author of "Tales of the Five Towns"; while he had won dramatic laurels with "What the Public Wants," which is so instinct with trenchant satire as to suggest the master-hands of other days—satire nowadays, to judge from the work of most modern satirists, being in its dotage. With "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett takes a decided step forward. It is far more ambitious than any novel he has published; and with it he carries on the tradition of the novelists who had the grand manner. Mr. Bennett has given himself more than five hundred rather closely printed pages in which to develop the first part of his story—I say the first part, for though "Clayhanger" is complete in itself, we are promised two sequels. There is supposed to be a prejudice against long novels, but that is because in many cases the author meanders along, putting a minimum of story in a sea of words. This fault certainly cannot be found with "Clayhanger." It is leisurely—occasionally too leisurely; the description here and there of a house or a woman is perhaps a little too detailed; but, in a day when writers of fiction are sparing

* "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

of their material, allotting just so much and no more to each six-shilling book, Mr. Bennett is a good-natured prodigal. Half a dozen novels might have been developed from the ideas crowded into "Clayhanger." Darius Clayhanger by himself might have served as a peg for a story; the episode of Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways might have furnished another; the family of the Orgreaves a third, and so on; but Mr. Bennett shows his wisdom by his prodigality: he has produced an excellent and enduring work of fiction. It stands on a vastly higher level than anything he has done, and if the sequels are as admirably written as their forerunner, then it is safe to say readers of a day later than our own will place this trilogy on the shelf with the Barchester series of Anthony Trollope and the Carlingford series of Mrs. Oliphant.

For aught I know, Mr. Bennett may not regard it as a compliment to be bracketed with Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, even with them at their best; but, however he may take the comparison, it is certain that he has much in common with them, so far as "Clayhanger" is concerned. Like these eminent Victorian writers, he has taken commonplace people—men and women, boys and girls, that are to be met with everywhere—and made them vastly interesting. The Orgreaves, father, mother, and children, and the Clayhanger family, are very ordinary flesh and blood, always excepting Darius, the great outstanding character of the novel, a creation of which any master of literature would be proud. Hilda Lessways, too, is a fine study, a woman whose further acquaintance we shall make in the sequels; but Darius is the gem of the book. A penniless lad, sent to work in a pottery as a small boy, making his way by slow and painful stages until he starts a small printing business "on his own," he arrives at the sanctuary of a competence and middle-class respectability, only to find that he has made too many demands on his strength: he dies from softening of the brain. He had grit, determination, a certain genius even; an obstinate selfish nature; and is so proud of his success that he cannot bear to let even his only son share in it. A perfectly understandable, unpleasant, pitiable, self-made man, perfectly limned by his creator. For Darius alone "Clayhanger" would be worth reading; but there is also, as has been said, Hilda Lessways; and Darius's son, Edwin, another wonderful character-study—perhaps, indeed, as wonderful as that of Darius, for Edwin is the commonplace incarnate, a weak, indeterminate, emotional, impressionable young man, uninteresting to the majority of his fellows, but never other than fascinating to the reader who sees him under the microscope of the author. So intimately is Edwin revealed that a sensitive reader may feel a little ashamed at being present at the unveiling; and, thinking of the state of his own soul, shudder at this pitiless dissection of another's. It is as if Mr. Bennett, like a certain other author, has determined to write a novel without a hero; only he has put in the hero's place a young man singularly unheroic, and has made his study of this commonplace person so enthralling that probably the great British public will let him pass for a hero. Which is as well, for, while the public knows what it wants, it does not know what is good for it.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

WORD-PICTURES.*

Mr. Thomas's touch is so delicate and his taste so fastidious that one doubts whether essays such as these "Rose Acre Papers" can ever make their way to a public numerically considerable. The purist will find much to satisfy him, and not a little to delight him. Yet passages that can be praised for the "curious felicity" of their phrasing are frequently marred by an excess of sedulous care almost amounting to what is known as preciousness. In the paper on rain, for instance, which is very characteristic of the author's manner, it is recorded how the sound of its falling "brings back the rain in a city street by night, that softened the sky to *a deep blue that was the very hue of mercy thrown over the awful darkness*; and—gaily, daintily—the drops that came and went (like stars in a restless sky) on the fir-tree foliage as we came to the trout river, in sudden sunlight." Here the words that we have italicised seem to us to be of the very essence of poetry, whereas those which the author has set within brackets introduce a simile that appears far-fetched to us, and neither perfectly apt nor beautifully natural. Looking over the book as a whole—with a sense of pleasure which we are glad to acknowledge—we detect an ingenuity in the style which brings it below the level of the very best. The artistry is too manifest; there is no smell of the lamp about the essays, but the legitimate egoism of the best sort of essayist, which results in delightfully unconscious self-revelation and an artless ingenuousness which takes for granted his reader's interest in what interests himself, is represented here by a more conscious introspection, and confidence that the resulting analysis deserves applause.

And with that we have satisfied our inclination to criticise. It is far more grateful to turn over the pages and look at things through Mr. Thomas's seeing eyes. "The rooks began to pass overhead, and some alighted, their feathers changing to silver as they turned in the sun." That is true observation, and recalls to the mind of this reviewer the brightest white thing he ever saw—the black roof of a hansom cab seen under a blazing sun from the top of an omnibus in Trafalgar Square. Here is an impression in black and white as suggestive of colour as an engraving of a Claude Lorraine landscape by Lupton or Phillip, and simpler in its component parts: "Low, massy, and in colour auburn, the full moon was perched upon a hill-top, very near; etched in black on its surface was the skeleton of an elm. To the cottager moving in his orchard it hung like a great fruit, upon each tree in turn." And here, finally, is a more elaborated pen picture which may be declared almost faultless: "Under the beams of the rocking moon, those tall, cadaverous crags rose up like stripped reapers, gigantic and morose, reaping and amassing the dolorous harvest of wrecks, waist-deep in a surge whose waves seemed not to flow and change, but to turn, turn ceaselessly, in the contracted corridors among the rocks, like wheels revolving, and bespattered by the foam that huddled, yellow, coagulate, quaking, in the crevices."

It is the word painting, of which the passages quoted above are representative, that gives these "Rose Acre Papers" their great distinction. Mr. Thomas is not concerned to set us thinking, but to admit us sharers of his moods. And in his power to recapture moods and in his artistry he has few living rivals.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

* "Rose Acre Papers." By Edward Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

THE REAL SPAIN.*

Spain is the happy hunting-ground of the wandering "impressionist," who, after an idle holiday among the Moorish remains and a glance at the cathedrals, returns to his own land to write a rhapsody on sunlight and colour, and the glories of the Alhambra. Very few travellers have found the real Spain. It is a country of surprises, inhabited by differing races possessing many of the attributes that we are wont to describe as northern, while they preserve certain distinctive qualities of the south. There

* "Spain from Within." By Rafael Shaw. 7s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

is Andalusia, "the frying-pan," resembling North Africa in climate, with a population of marked Morisco descent; there is proud Castile, a stern territory, with natives said to possess the specific Spanish character; there are the Basques of the North, ethnologically akin to the Welsh; and the people of Galicia, who have an affinity with the Portuguese. Diversity in the natural features of the country and the dissimilarity of the inhabitants of the north and south lend to Spain its charm and its elusiveness.

It is doubtful whether the Anglo-Saxon, even when possessed of the cosmopolitan spirit, can understand with full sympathy the temperament, the ideals, and the philosophy of the Spaniard. Progress and happiness are deemed synonymous terms by the restless energetic Briton and Teuton. But progress in Spain does not connote material and commercial prosperity. The Spanish temper demands leisure to live and to enjoy simple delights day by day. Serenity of mind is valued in Spain at its true worth.

A street hawker describing battle scenes to an illiterate audience.
From "Spain from Within," by Rafael Shaw. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

And yet the reproach of indolence is ill-deserved, for the peasantry and the artisans of the country are among the hardest workers in Europe.

A proper equipment for a study of the Spanish people is a native sympathy, an instinct keen to detect and to appreciate their virtues of naturalness and simplicity. We must dismiss the preconception that every Spaniard is hot-blooded, or cruel, or untrustworthy. "The typical Spaniard" is very difficult to find in Madrid or Barcelona amid this great community of mixed descent.

Mr. Rafael Shaw is endowed with the right idiosyncrasy for the task of writing upon "Spain from Within." He strikes the mean between the enthusiasm of the romantic traveller and the lofty tolerance of the English resident who has lived among the people without knowing them. Mr. Shaw apprehends the import of the great struggle against clericalism, though he states that the masses in Spain are deeply religious. Ferrer, the reformer, was hardly known among the people, and there is a tendency, even among educated Spaniards, to underrate the work that he achieved in modern education.

The author is somewhat inclined to overstate the ignorance of the working-classes and the peasants. No doubt the proportion of illiterates is still high, but the Spanish wage-earner is almost always keenly intelligent, and even if he cannot read or write, he is not wanting in perception and aptitude for learning. Moreover, the schools are being rapidly reformed and the methods of teaching modernised. In Galicia there are excellent technical schools. Without any prejudice I set down the fact that the rural folk of Spain are far more intelligent than those of our country, in spite of inadequate school-teaching, or a lack of book-learning. No one acquainted with Spain can gainsay the existence of a quick wit and capacity among the labouring classes.

Mr. Rafael Shaw shows that Spain is advancing towards religious and political liberty. In politics the trend is towards Liberalism, and there is a very strong Republican sentiment throughout the nation. The writer may not have heard that the brilliant Blasco de Ibanez, who is cited as one of the advanced guard of politicians, has withdrawn from the Liberal party, although he still holds the principles of the Liberal creed.

The drift of this instructive volume is that Spain is on the upgrade. There is even a reaction against the time-revered institution of the bull-fight; and Mr. Shaw rightly observes that the large number of English visitors who help to support the bull-ring cannot, without self-condemnation, accuse the Spaniards of "barbarity."

"Spain from Within" justifies its title. It is the work of a writer with an intimate knowledge of his subject, written in a spirit of fairness, and without an assumption of finality in statement. The author's conclusions should help in correcting the somewhat common delusion that in Spain one is likely to encounter, at any moment, a brigand or a violent Anarchist.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

CLOTILDE.*

This autobiography is a fairly astonishing production. As a sincere and unexpurgated account of a life which has run the whole gamut of human emotion it is valuable and rare, for its details and pictures of personages it has hardly less interest. Here, among many other matters of scarcely less moment, Helene von Dönniges—Clotilde of "The Tragic Comedians"—recounts the story of her relations with Lassalle, and the upshot is not what Meredith has given us. He appears to have been misled by the apologia of her youth, but his judgments were prejudiced, and chief, perhaps, among all his errors is that interrogation in his most notable preface—"Why she (Clotilde) should have laid her hand in the hand of the slayer?" The answer to it is obvious enough and constitutes one of the Princess's chief claims on our attention. It was highly characteristic of Helene von Dönniges, spite of her youth and extravagance, that she should penetrate the superficiality of Prince Yanko von Racowitza's deed to the reality of his intentions, and, so doing, should feel he had offered her and Lassalle all, more than all, that was practicable. The Prince appeared, had been made to appear, as Lassalle's antagonist, but he had in fact been their only friend in Helene's circle, willing his death should bridge the way to their union, and, by the ironic accident befalling his plans, brought more swiftly to his doom. It is difficult to see how the girl he so devotedly adored, for whom a giant of their time had just fallen, could have afterwards occupied herself better than by taking as much as possible of the tragedy on to her shoulders and smoothing Prince Yanko's thorny path to the grave. In face even of the facts given in "The Tragic Comedians," Meredith's comment appeared uncharacteristic and superficial; in light of the autobiography it is absurd.

* "Princess Helene von Racowitza: An Autobiography." Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Indeed, except in beauty of appearance and conversational brilliance, there is little connection between the real and the fictional portraits. Clotilde is superficial, tortuous, self-centred, and almost self-righteous. Helene is vital, arrogantly frank, and passionately fond of "experience." It is clear from the first there are plenty of rocks ahead of her, her life is to be fairly bestrewn with wreckages, but the waters she sails in are not shallow—they are anything, everything, but that. This is the point Meredith has misunderstood, but it is one of which the appearance of the autobiography makes further misunderstanding impossible. Many of the reactions against convention recorded in the book are attributable to the hideously corrupt society in which Helene von Dönniges was born (she herself was betrothed by her parents, at fourteen, to a debauched lover of her mother's) and, at worst, her emotional episodes were love affairs and not liaisons. Certainly these episodes abound in a degree confusing to conventional readers. But these, in her Preface, the Princess has warned away from her book. "Let me warn," she says, "those who are easily shocked not to read. To the free and courageous I say 'Read,' but read with the desire to understand the true nature of the author, as she follows the path traced for her by fate, from heights to depths, even to the verge of the mire. The road leads eventually to the Light, and remains therein." That devious paths have led in her case to a singularly vibrant and sunny old age is the last word about Helene von Racowitza. She has had appalling experiences, but to say they have none of them soured her is to grievously understate facts. The buoyancy Lassalle gloried in has not only swept her above barriers; it has carried her far. The only tests she can be judged by, the only ones she would accept, are the growth of her passionate reverence for life and all it has brought her, and her widening self-knowledge and love for her fellows. She is after all of the race that Meredith lived by.

M. STURGE HENDERSON.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MAN.*

Professor Frazer has a monumental way of handling his subjects, and in "Totemism and Exogamy" he has built a vast structure of facts and theories that might well stand for the life-work even of an exceptional man. No more important book on primitive custom and belief has been published for many years. Professor Frazer gives us here a survey of all the known facts of totemism and exogamy wherever these institutions are found existing together. He is less concerned with establishing any particular theory than with presenting and arranging the facts. At the same time, he does not leave his facts an innumerable maze without a plan, but offers some exceedingly persuasive theories in explanation of them.

His final theory of the origin of totemism seems doubly reasonable now that he accepts the idea that pure totemism is not a religion, but merely a system of relationship between men and animals or lifeless things. Discussing totemism more than twenty years ago, Professor Frazer described it as a religion, and he reprints his misleading thesis in the first of these volumes. He only reprints it to refute it, however—on this point, at least. "In pure totemism, such as we find it among the Australian aborigines," he now tells us, "the totem is never a god and is never worshipped." The relationship between a man and his totem is clearly illustrated by the case of the Central Australian native, who, on being shown his photograph by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, said: "That one is just the same as me; so is a kangaroo (his totem)." Taking this sentence as a summing up of the whole matter, Professor Frazer points out that totemism, far from implying any veneration of animals, plants, and what not, is merely an identification of a man with his totem, whatever the latter may be. Primitive man's ideas are hazy and without definite outlines, and he is able to imagine men and animals and lifeless things merging and changing into each other with marvellous readiness.

How, then, did man ever persuade himself that he had, as double or *alter ego*, a kangaroo, a bird, a tree, or a lifeless stone? Professor Frazer used to think that an explanation might be found in the theory of the external soul—"that is, in the belief that living people may deposit their souls for safe keeping outside of themselves in some secure place, where the precious deposit will be less exposed to the risks and vicissitudes of life than while it remained in the body of its owner." He suggested, as a second possible theory, that totemism might have had its origin in certain magic rites for increasing the supply of different sorts of food, and so forth. Thus certain groups of men would imitate bees in sound and appearance in order to increase the store of honey by their magical mummeries, and they would gradually get identified with whatever they imitated. Professor Frazer now discards both these theories, the former because there is no proof of the general association of the totemic system with the doctrine of the external soul, and the second because it implies the existence of a more highly organised society than that in which totemism must have had its origin.

No other theory of the origin of totemism seems half so reasonable as that finally adopted by Professor Frazer. Totemism he now regards as a primitive explanation of the conception and birth of children. Primitive man, he points out, is incapable of the chain of reasoning which relates a child to its father. Maternity is an obvious fact, but paternity is a difficult inference. The undeveloped savage, casting about for an explanation of the presence of the child within the womb, looks for some immediate cause. He does not know that the child had any existence there before the first moment at which the mother feels it stirring, and his explanation will naturally have reference to something which happens just before this critical moment. On the Banks Islands, for instance, Dr. W. H. R. Rivers discovered that the inhabitants refer their abstention from certain animals and fruits to the fact that "their mothers were impregnated by the entrance into their womb of spirit animals or spirit fruits, and that they themselves are nothing but the particular animal or plant which effected a lodgment in their mother and in due time was born into the world with a superficial and deceptive resemblance to a human being." With this in mind, we can easily understand the Central Australian's cryptic utterance about the photograph and the kangaroo. His mother, or some female ancestor, first felt the child quickening in her womb immediately after she had seen a kangaroo hopping by, and she connected the passing of the kangaroo with the presence of the child as cause and effect. Thus, according to this theory, totemism had its origin in ignorance of paternity, though it survives as an institution in many places where the facts of paternity have long been realised.

As for exogamy, Professor Frazer holds that it had a different origin from totemism and that its relations with totemism are accidental. In his present survey he is concerned with these two institutions only where they exist side by side, but his object all through is to show that "the totemic clan is a totally different social organism from the exogamous class," even though the totemic clans are nearly invariably themselves exogamous where totemism and exogamy are found among the same people. After examining various theories, Professor Frazer comes to the conclusion that the origin of exogamy is to be discovered in the growing aversion of primitive man for incestuous connections between brothers and sisters, parents and children, and afterwards even cousins. There is no space

* "Totemism and Exogamy." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. In 4 Vols. 50s. net. (Macmillan.)

to follow him step by step in his reasonings; we can merely mention some of his main conclusions. His new work is a fascinating study of primitive man, at once cautious and masterly in its logic, and admirably written. It is a storehouse of anthropological facts which the student will find indispensable and the best sort of general reader an intellectual delight.

ROBERT LYND.

MAARTEN MAARTENS' NEW NOVEL.*

"Harmen Pols, Peasant," is the title of this new book by Maarten Maartens. It tells the story of a brief crisis in the life of a young Dutch peasant, whose name has been taken to title the novel. The man in question, after an uneventful and comparatively peaceful boyhood, suddenly finds his whole future imperilled by a legitimate claim upon his father's farm.

"The wedding was over. The foolish, noisy wedding that had made so much stir, in a three weeks' burst of country gossip. Aunt Carlina, the middle-aged spinster, was the spouse of Roelant Slink."

That was the origin of the trouble which came suddenly into the life of young Harmen Pols. Aunt Carlina (his aunt) had married Roelant Slink, the farm-hand, and with Aunt Carlina's hand went the half of the farm and all its stock and appliances. This, however, Harmen had not known when he suggested to Slink that Aunt Carlina might marry, if she were asked lustily. He had said this to Slink partly in fun, and partly because he would have been thankful to get Aunt Carlina out of the house; for she was a scold, and made his mother's life something of a misery. Slink took the hint—had probably meant to marry her in any case, for he had learned that Carlina had a half-share in the farm, and the marriage would raise him in one day from the poverty of a common farm-hand to a sufficiency to enable him to buy a certain public-house, which was his ambition. Therefore he married Aunt Carlina, who was twenty-three years older than himself, and gaunt and ugly.

The book goes forward from this point to tell, with that peculiar note of neatness which Maarten Maartens has made his own, the result of this sudden catastrophe upon Harmen, his father, Steven Pols, and the Vrouw, his mother. The character of the father is an extraordinary mixture of chronic pessimism and violent religious belief, to which is added a passionate temper. When Harmen tells him that he, Harmen, was the cause of Slink proposing, the father turns on him in a fury. "His wrath blazed forth, in the horrible way they all knew and dreaded. He told his son never to speak to him again, unless he could save the farm: 'I tell you that you're no son of mine till you've made good the harm that you've done!'"

The old man's eyes are failing him, and there follows a scene in which he is forced to appeal to his wife to open a combination-lock, because he can no longer see to set the letters. The lock secures a safe which holds sufficient to pay out Aunt Carlina, without having to sell the farm to realise her share, which means ruin to the family. Yet Steven will not use the money for this purpose unless his wife will give her oath that she is innocent of wrong-doing with one Mynheer Blass, he having seen her kissed by Blass in the orchard before the birth of Harmen, whom in his heart he believes to be the son of Blass. The Vrouw will not give her oath, so he cannot use the money to save the farm, as he has vowed to the Lord that he will not if she cannot swear to her innocence.

The book is one that must be dealt with in the most sympathetic spirit, if its qualities are to be realised and brought forward. There are some extraordinary scenes both psychic and physical. The way in which the author shows young Harmen's gradual loss of faith in his father, his mother, and his God is extremely interesting, and conceivably approximates to a picture of the mind of a young and undeveloped man possessed of such a character as young Harmen's. The faith of the father in his God, even after he believes all to be lost, and after his eyesight is gone utterly, is very fine; but the character of the mother is less decided and more difficult to understand. There is, however, something very lovable about her, as also about young Harmen, so far as one can see his character with clearness. It is a book to be read, and the reader will find that in addition to all I have indicated, he will be rewarded by a charming love-story which threads through the tale.

W. HOPE HODGSON.

* "Harmen Pols." By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Methuen.)

A CRITIC OF MODERN LIFE.*

Books of essays gathered from the periodicals are traditionally supposed to be the least marketable of literary wares. Publishers, booksellers, and librarians, who agree in nothing else, agree in this, that the public doesn't want these occasional pieces, that nobody borrows them and nobody buys them. Yet, surely, the occasional piece that is good, is good for many, if not for all, occasions; and the essay that is readable in a weekly or monthly paper doesn't become unreadable by mere transference to a volume. If it isn't good enough for a book, then it wasn't good enough for a magazine. Personally, I confess to immense enjoyment of such literature. Give me a choice between the average work of fiction and the average book of essays, and I take the latter without hesitation; for while in the one there may be nothing to please me, in the other there is bound to be something—a pleasant whim, a happy idea, an unsuspected fact, or a felicitous turn of phrase.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel, the latest recruits to the noble army of publishers, would seem to be above this tradition of their comrades, for, to the excellent efforts that signalled their first appearance in the field, they have added this new deed of daring—a book of reprinted pieces. The particular choice was good. Mr. J. A. Hobson is one of those fortunate men whose names at once suggest a quality. As inevitably as Aristides was just, so Mr. Hobson is sincere. His view of things may be bold, or strange, or unpalatable: it is certain to be honest and individual. "Nothing," says Emerson, "is so rare in a man as an act of his own." Nothing, we agree—except, perhaps, an opinion of his own. So rare, indeed, are opinions, that certain clever gentlemen have made vast fortunes by supplying them, for a halfpenny a day, to those who lack them and feel it respectable to have them. Now these opinions, being naturally such as are agreeable to the gentlemen of fortune and their friends, are not always agreeable with decency and veracity; and so a writer like Mr. Hobson, who is at pains to find the truth and speak it fearlessly, creates the profoundest alarm among the gentlemen of fortune and friends aforesaid. Accordingly, they make a powerful diversion, and call upon the mob (under the name of "patriots") for universal execration of Mr. Hobson and his kind as slanderers of the nation, enemies of the people.

The qualities that make Mr. Hobson's views obnoxious to the multitude make his essays valuable to discriminating readers. And they are not only valuable, but interesting. Some honest writers are dull, some sincere writers are tiresome. "Do not sermons exist," asks Bagehot, "and are they not a warning to mankind?" Mr. Hobson does not preach (in the bad sense), and I can testify to his volume's being capital holiday reading. In one respect

* "A Modern Outlook." By J. A. Hobson. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

only, and that mechanical, do I quarrel with it. The essays originally appeared in that excellent periodical, the *Nation*, and so had to be fairly uniform in length—or, rather, in shortness. Now it often seemed to me that just as Mr. Hobson was getting well into his subject, the fell sergeant space strictly and suddenly arrested him. I suggest that Mr. Hobson would have made a better book if he had run several of his essays together. For instance, he has a group of papers—uncommonly good papers, too—on the eternal feminine question; and I feel sure that one long chapter incorporating all his matter would have presented his views in more persuasive form. So, too, with his papers on America and the Church.

Mr. Hobson's divagations are extensive, ranging from Pragmatism to the Peers, from Agitation to the "Autocrat," and he is always pleasant company. Indeed, there is much in this volume that reminds me of good conversation, the decay of which is one of Mr. Hobson's themes. A book of essays, serious in purpose, yet easy enough in style to suggest good talk, is a book that needs no further recommendation.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES.*

Probably it is necessary to explain that the bolo is a knife—two feet in length—which the natives of the Philippine Islands are fond of using on occasion. Before the Americans got the country well in hand, these occasions used to recur rather often. Indeed, so passionately addicted is the native to his useful little weapon, that he has gone so far as to build round it an unwritten law. We had always believed that the Americans were rather great themselves at unwritten laws, but they seem not to have understood this particular one. At any rate, they did not appreciate it, and they determined to get rid of it—Mr. Commissioner Furber being the chief agent in the agitation against it. But, as Mr. Hyatt points out, the law has the crowning merit of simplicity. Why, argues the simple Philippine, when your bolo is in your belt, and your reach is longer than the other man's, should you go to the trouble of learning a complicated system of ethics? Now the law was by no means badly suited to its particular conditions—a fact which Captain Basil Hayle, of the Philippines Constabulary, speedily ascertained—and it was a difficult matter to induce the more unsophisticated Philippine to surrender his old-fashioned notions. "What's bred in the bone," and so forth.

So Captain Basil Hayle—the hero, of course—was told to suppress Old Felizardo, who was a hard-working, straight-living brigand chief. Felizardo had a very stormy past, and adverse circumstance, rather than any fault of his own, forced him to become a ladrone. Having become one—Mr. Hyatt tells you all about it in his first couple of chapters, and tells it very well—Felizardo sets about the business thoroughly, and when the second part of this book begins he was virtually the ruler of a chain of mountains, whence Hayle found it impossible to dislodge him. This is another exciting time, and undoubtedly Hayle and his force would have been wiped out if he had not been so particularly "white." Felizardo took quite a fancy to his opponent, and was very fond of doing him a good turn when opportunity offered. Then Hayle fell in love with another man's wife, and though we sympathise with both of them we must confess that their love affair is not quite so interesting as the remainder of the book. (The other man, it should be noticed, was a thorough cad, and nobody could possibly like him.) Hayle had just decided temporarily to adapt the Law of the Bolo to meet his requirements, when he receives as a gift from Felizardo "that which he most desires to have"—the head of the other man. The reader can finish the story for himself now.

Mr. Hyatt's novel is decidedly a good one. He is an attractive writer, and can tell a good story remarkably well. He has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and a pretty knack of characterisation. One could not ask more of any writer. In a word, "The Law of the Bolo" shows its author very nearly at his best, and Mr. Hyatt's best is notable. The book is one which can be strongly recommended.

* "The Law of the Bolo." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

LAURELS EVER GREEN AND BRANCHING PALM.*

Mr. Lewis Day used to complain that if you show people some purely ornamental form they are only perplexed to know "what it is meant to represent"; but the lamentable thing was not to show these perplexed inquirers, upon due opportunity, that the ornamental form did represent something, though it might be but a fragment of some lost tradition. The student of Decorative Art, who should have a knowledge of traditional methods at his fingers' ends, will be fortunate in finding in a new book by Mr. Christie a point of view that may give him a glimpse of fresh woods and pastures new, and perhaps open up a possibility of original enterprise in design. It is to be regretted that the two first chapters of the book were not published in a form more likely to be accessible to the general reader. They treat of the origin of decoration and the development of typical forms of ornament, and present a most able review of the latest thought, freely and delightfully illustrated, and written in a manner simple, direct, and interesting.

It has become a reproach that nearly all books on pictorial art are written by laymen and are not technical. On the other hand, books on the subsidiary arts are still written by experts, and if they are not technical they are not always successful. The decorative artist who leaves off spinning his ornamental web to address the general reader with nothing more to say than, Out upon the Philistine! and nothing more to discover of the universe than Sir Peter Teazle's assertion that this is a wicked world, would seem to be a craftsman ill equipped for explaining his art; yet it is possible to write with special information and withal make a popular appeal of the happiest kind. Beside the chapters we have ventured to particularise here, we may recall as another, and one of many an instance, the compelling interest of a description of London in the fourteenth century by Mr. Lethaby. If we can come by personal narrative, but this is rare, then we are arrested by such a human interest as attaches, for example, to the fate of Palissy's kitchen table; and when the inimitable Benvenuto Cellini gives an account of how he wrought the button for the Pontifical Cope it reads for all the world like a "potted" novel (as the slang goes) by Henry James, only that it is easy to read, and some people say Henry James is not easy.

All this goes to prove the discovery of an eminent artist that to mankind in general it is the man behind the art that is interesting. It is indeed. As Manoa built the monument for Samson hung with trophies, and planted round with shade of laurel ever green and branching palm, so are we throughout the ages building our monument of art for man, recording alike his defeat and triumph. By the way, our monument certainly is adorned with acanthus foliage, and when we ponder upon the history of that ubiquitous plant we recognise its intrinsic interest is so great that there was really no need for the pathetic endeavour to wring human interest even out of a Corinthian

* "The Styles of Ornament." By Alexander Speltz. Edited by R. Phene Spiers. 15s. net. (Batsford.) — "Traditional Methods of Pattern Designing: An Introduction to the Study of Decorative Art." By A. H. Christie. 6s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

capital by inventing a wholly gratuitous legend; "that fable about Callimachus that was the invention of a poet, not of a practical ornamentist." Yet without accepting Ruskin's wildly picturesque denunciation of conventional art, we may ask what good the practical ornamentist can effect if he does not, like Mr. Wegg, occasionally drop into poetry?

The fact is, good ornament is all frozen poetry, romance, and glamour. These books before us are nothing more or less than illustrated guides to the history of civilised man, and the pity of it is that they should serve as guide-books only to the student, for we would have them popularised. However, the student has, in the work of Professor Speltz, an excellent note-book upon the historic styles, the text being reduced to a descriptive catalogue of the illustrations, which are remarkably clear considering the small scale they are drawn to. It is an album of drawings, just what such a book should be, arranged upon a different plan from Meyer's well-known handbook, but compiled with similar German industry.

F. E. PHILLIPS.

VOLTAIRE'S EMILIE.*

We are accustomed to rank the emancipation of women among the recent triumphs of the race, but was ever a woman more entirely emancipated than Mme. du Châtelet? She was the daughter of a man to whom the minute etiquette of Louis XIV.'s court was more important than the procession of the stars; she was convent-bred and married at nineteen to a marquis and soldier, and the one particularity of her education was that she was taught Latin well. Her father was described by La Bruyère as one who did nothing himself but told and repeated what others were doing—a negative person, in a word, who lived upon the activities of others. Yet almost immediately after her marriage, in the course of her first love affair, she showed herself to be of the select few who act, and leave the mass of ordinary people to gape and gossip as they please. Her lover was tired of her and told her so. She arranged a farewell interview, and as he went begged him to hand her a basin of soup, at the same time giving him a letter. He read the letter at the foot of the stairs—Madame told him that the soup contained poison! "The Marquis," says the Abbé Raynal, "did not waste time in vain lamentations. With wonderful presence of mind he went to seek an antidote at the nearest place, and made his mistress swallow it. The effect of this remedy was so efficacious that nothing remained but the remembrance of her extraordinary act." Emilie was soon consoled, her next lover being the famous Richelieu of her day, as corruptly brilliant a person as ever lived.

After an engraving by Alix. **Voltaire.**

From "An Eighteenth-Century Marquise," by Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

It is not, however, in affairs of the heart that the true emancipatedness of this strange woman was shown. In that sphere of action women have always secured as much liberty as they desired, and Emilie was certainly no degenerate sensualist. She is interesting as the child of reason, as a woman who deliberately set herself to live not in accordance with religion, which to her was mere delusion, or custom, which was an incubus to be rejected when inconvenient, or instinct, which was mere matter for analysis—but solely as her untrammelled mind directed her. She had great natural gifts of intellect and was capable of appreciating the *Principia* of Newton, which she translated, and the philosophy of Leibnitz, which seemed to explain so clearly and so neatly the universe and its problems. She had, in fact, a genuine love of the exact sciences, and was at least enough of a mathematician to leave Voltaire behind. The fact that she retained so long the interest and affection of Voltaire is proof enough that she was no *poseuse*; we may fairly reject the theory so popular among her feminine contemporaries that she was intellectually a mere charlatan.

Her relations with Voltaire, with whom she lived so long at Cirey—her husband a very shadowy third—were far more the result of intellectual sympathies than of physical passion. She certainly loved Voltaire in the sense that she desired to appropriate him, and was angrily jealous of any infringement upon her monopoly. Mr. John Morley's treatment of this great friendship is interesting, and his judgment probably just. He says that the divine Emily, like a Homeric goddess, poured a cloud round her hero, that she gave him "not the semi-servile and feebly intelligent solicitude which superior men have too often the wretched weakness to seek in their female companions, but an imperial sympathy"—and she gave also the tolerably frequent agitation which was necessary for his health! Carlyle, who, unlike Mr. Morley, is quoted by Miss Hamel, has a characteristic phrase:

> "Madame watches over all his interests and liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedents and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's."

Mme. du Châtelet wrote a short treatise on Happiness, to which Miss Hamel makes only the most casual reference, but which Sainte-Beuve treats as her most characteristic writing. We see her there trying to construct a programme of life based upon reason, and the postulate from which she starts explains alike her adventurous spirit and the lamentable wreckage of her end. "We have nothing to do in this world," says this emancipated woman, "except to procure for ourselves agreeable sensations and sentiments." "Let us decide upon the way we wish to take in passing our life, and let us try to sow that way with flowers." "To be happy one must have overcome pre-

* "An Eighteenth-Century Marquise: a Study of Emilie du Châtelet and her Times." By Frank Hamel. With Frontispiece and 16 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

judices, one must be virtuous and healthy, one must have tastes and passions, and one must remain susceptible of illusion." How different is that last phrase from George Eliot's "Above all we must learn to do without opium." Among the tastes and passions which Mme. du Châtelet counts as the ingredients of happiness, some are noble enough—work, fame, love—but side by side with these she places the pleasures of eating and drinking, and the excitement of gambling. She wrote in lofty strain of immutable love, but the tragic irony of nature led her to forsake Voltaire and to fall into a wretched infatuation for Saint-Lambert, a handsome guardsman, a precursor in the flesh of Ouida's heroes! In giving birth to his child the woman of philosophy died, amid the brutal jibes and evil laughter of the world. Voltaire found that his portrait had been displaced from the ring he had given her and that Saint-Lambert's had taken its place. "O ciel!" he cried, "voilà bien les femmes! J'en avais ôté Richelieu, Saint-Lambert m'en a chassé; cela est dans l'ordre; un clou chasse l'autre: ainsi vont les choses de ce monde."

Miss Hamel has done her work very well; those passages from letters which we have compared with the original French show that she has a pleasant gift in translation, though she misses the full irony in her version of Mme. du Deffand's famous satirical portrait, of which Sainte-Beuve said that he dared not copy it out for fear the acid should burn the paper. Our main criticism of the book is that Miss Hamel is inclined to ramble off in almost any direction that a chance name or topic suggests, with the result that one loses sight of the chief figures of her story. There are whole chapters which have little connection with Mme. du Châtelet, but they are agreeable reading enough.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

OLD FRIENDS.*

In order to understand and appreciate properly this latest novel by Mr. Maurice Hewlett it is necessary to have read those earlier works "Open Country" and "Halfway House." The three books together form a trilogy. But while this is so it is perfectly possible for anybody who has not read the earlier volumes to form a very good idea of what has been happening to the principal characters during the earlier stages of their respective careers, because it is of the very essence of this particular novel that constant reference should be made to the past.

The story itself, summed up in the person of Sanchia Percival, is simple and human. A young and beautiful girl, with abundant intellect and moral courage to leaven her beauty, deliberately goes to live as the housekeeper of a man who has separated from his wife. In the shelter of Wanless, Ingram's Yorkshire home, where she sees but little or no society, this proves a fairly easy thing. But in the course of eight years she gradually discovers that she no longer loves Ingram, and at the moment when he is just freed by the death of his wife she determines to leave him. As a matter of fact he drives her from him, but it is not necessary to enter further into this episode since her resolution had already been formed. She comes to London, and her family, who of course know that Ingram is now at liberty to marry her, prepare with some misgivings to recognise her existence once more. At first, however, Sanchia is in no mood to set herself right with the proprieties. But little by little, influenced in no small measure by her father, she determines to do what is expected of her. From this point onward the story takes a curious turn. Senhouse, her earliest friend and, despite a liaison with Mary Germain, her lover still, suddenly begins to assume an importance that he has never previously possessed in her mind and affections. On the strength of his old love-letters and of the memories which are awakened by a certain resemblance to him in one of her new admirers, Sanchia falls in love with the unwitting Senhouse. The yearning for him grows stronger and stronger within her. Then suddenly she learns that Senhouse is not married to Mrs. Germain and that he still loves her. Beneath the influence of this information her determination gives way. She literally flies from Ingram and surrenders herself to Senhouse, whom she marries "beneath the stars." For the second time, and this time irrevocably, she throws the conventions to the winds.

But it is not by any such bald summary of the plot that this most puzzling book must be judged. The real interest for the reader must lie in his forming his own opinion upon the conduct of both Sanchia and Senhouse. We find it difficult to follow Mr. Hewlett's psychology to its conclusions. It is almost incredible that a girl of Sanchia's moral courage, who has been so reckless of public opinion, but who, after long deliberation, has determined that she must, after all, fall into line, should not have the courage to carry out her resolution. As one of the characters is made to say, she is "uncommon, most uncommon." Nor is our perplexity with regard to Senhouse any less. We know, of course, that he personally disapproves of marriage and that he regards it as degrading to the woman. But his philosophy is so purely personal as to rob him of any claim to be thought a philosopher. He abuses Ingram for acting in the very way in which, according to his (Senhouse's) ideas, he ought to be acting, and then, when the opportunity is offered to himself, he does the thing which he has found fault with Ingram for doing, while in each case the motive, namely his own love for Sanchia, is identical. We have cited only the two principal problems. Surely Mr. Hewlett has seldom been in a more fantastic mood, or drawn characters more likely to invite divergence of opinion.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

* "Rest Harrow." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

MONSIEUR BERGERET.*

The surface of society changes so rapidly that studies of contemporary life soon become "dated," and like last year's fashions they lose their freshness long before they are old enough to be historically interesting. Mr. Lane therefore might well have hesitated before including in this handsome series the first two volumes of M. France's aptly named "Histoire Contemporaine." For "The Elm Tree of the Mall" and "The Wickerwork Woman" are frankly studies of France in the early 'nineties, desultory and full of delightful digressions, but punctuated with allusions to the events and scandals of the moment. It is a severe test to take a book of this kind and translate it fifteen years or more after its first appearance for the benefit of a public whose ignorance of French may be assumed to imply also ignorance of French politics. Indeed it would be hard to subject any book of this kind to a severer ordeal, and the result is a triumph for M. France. True, both books have lost a little of their freshness, here and there one misses the point of an allusion, but how good it all is! Like nearly all M. France's work the "Histoire Contemporaine" conforms to no rules and its attraction defies analysis. There is no story, though it is nominally in narrative form, and the book merely stops and never ends. It is in effect little more than a series of long conversations on every conceivable subject ranging from theology to politics and psychology to the canons of feminine beauty. But interspersed between these conversations, in which the most extreme opinions on both sides are maintained with an amazing dialectical brilliance, are delightful thumbnail sketches. In "The Elm Tree on the Mall" the three

* "The Elm Tree of the Mall." "The Wickerwork Woman." By Anatole France. Translated by M. P. Willcocks. 6s. each. (John Lane.)

ecclesiastics—the astute cardinal archbishop, the austere and pedantic Lantaigne, "whose pride had frozen his ambition," and the Abbé Guitrel, the suave time-serving courtier—are contrasted with wonderful vividness and subtlety. A brilliant priest was lost in M. France. As a casuist he would have been invaluable to the Vatican, and like many militant agnostics he is deeply interested in religious questions, a theologian without faith. Equally effective in clear-cut outline and economy of detail are the political types: the Prefect, M. Worms Clavelin, the astute Jew always ready to ally himself with the Church for political ends, whose policy was based on the assumption that no Ministry lasts very long; his secretary, M. Lacarelle, "with a profound knowledge of local affairs and a marvellously contagious stupidity"; and his wife, Madame Worms Clavelin, "whose girlhood had been spent in the noisy little schools of Montmartre . . . and who therefore appreciated very highly the austerity of an aristocratic and religious education."

But excellent as the minor characters are, the cental figure in the four volumes of the "Histoire Contemporaine" is the incomparable Monsieur Bergeret. Anatolians may differ as to which is the best of M. France's books, but there can be no question that his most characteristic creation is this timid and retiring professor, whose physical weakness and insignificance contrasts so strongly with his intellectual audacity. M. France uses Bergeret as M. Rolland uses Jean-Christophe, as a mouthpiece for his criticisms upon contemporary France. Cynical and pessimistic, M. Bergeret's sarcasm is always directed against oppression and tyranny, and his bitterness is condoned by his burning zeal for the cause of the downtrodden and the oppressed. M. Bergeret is always championing "the under dog," and there is something peculiarly French, or at least Latin, in the fearlessness with which he drives his argument to its logical conclusion. The Englishman shrinks from a conclusion which conflicts with his cherished prejudices, however inevitably it may follow from premisses the soundness of which he cannot challenge. If the conclusion is unpalatable he argues that there must be some flaw in the reasoning. The fearless logic of M. France can only be paralleled in modern English literature in the inexorable intellectualism of Mr. Shaw. But where Mr. Shaw, who is after all Scoto-Irish and not English at all, is cold and steely, M. France is white-hot, incandescent in the intensity of his enthusiasm. This uncompromising logic lands M. France equally with Mr. Shaw in a kind of philosophic anarchy. Both are unsparing in their criticism of existing institutions, and as destructive critics they are bad to beat, but the constructive side of their philosophy is nebulous. Where M. France differs from Mr. Shaw is in his power which he shares with M. Rolland of making his critical characters attractive. For Bergeret and Jean-Christophe we feel a real liking, almost affection, while Mr. Shaw's critics of society, with the exception of Blunschli, would be intolerable but for their wit. The difference between Bergeret and John Tanner is the measure M. France's superiority in creative power, since to be likable a character must be real, while it is not necessary to know much of a man to dislike him. Bergeret is not of course as intimately familiar and vivid as Jean-Christophe, but he is not studied with the same minuteness. Nevertheless, the creation of Bergeret is perhaps M. France's greatest achievement. He is kin to Uncle Toby, and though Sterne would have sentimentalised him, he has many Shandean characteristics.

JOAN OF ARC.*

In the numerous biographies of the Maid of Orleans the personality of their heroine remains elusive and apparently will always remain so. The present author makes no attempt to add anything new to the existing knowledge concerning Joan of Arc. Rather she endeavours to reverse the process of M. Anatole France, who, complaining that writers wished the history of the Maid to remain mysterious and supernatural, claims to have "restored her to life and to humanity." Miss James reinstates the simple, tender, and inspired character with which we have all been familiar from childhood and which has of late been destroyed by the critical and analytical writings of biographers who have depicted Joan by turns as a neurotic subject, the tool of fraudulent priests, or an abnormal problem in psychology. In omitting to write a preface to her work the author escapes proclaiming her purpose, however, and her readers may therefore remain entirely unprejudiced during the perusal of the story. But she confesses to a desire to describe the strange and inexplicable experiences of Joan of Arc from an uncritical standpoint, banishing controversy, speculation, opinion, whether contemporary or modern, from the narration. Actions, incidents, experiences, however curious, have been preferred to thought of the fifteenth century and the twentieth century alike, and the result is "not critical but picturesque, simple rather than erudite, familiar rather than learned, suggestive rather than complete."

Even so there comes a point when the critic with his modern consciousness is forced to step in and decide whether Joan of Arc, with a mind pure and candid as a child's, was one of the world's greatest wonders, an excessively astute fraud, or the unconscious victim of fraud, and to do this he must study the unreliable Minutes of the two trials—the Trial of Condemnation at Rouen and that of Rehabilitation at Paris—which study is practically certain to convince him that whether he can or cannot believe in her ingenuousness and sincerity, in her visions and voices, in her saints and Divine mission, at least one person never doubted their truth, and that was Joan herself. She knew that the source of her inspiration was good because the voices always gave her good counsel. Further than that faith cannot go.

Besides the saint she was warrior, patriot, and woman, a four-fold character difficult to understand; one that is remarkable at once for its variety and its unity and at the same time both simple and complex. Doubt exists as to her personal appearance. "Poets preferred to praise her victories rather than her face, and her friends bore witness to her words and acts more than to her looks." But a few details remain. Her hair was dark brown or nearly black and was cut *en rond*, that is to say, on a level with the ears in soldier fashion. Physically she was very strong and capable of great endurance. "Her countenance was expressive; often it was confident and gay; she smiled frequently, but upon occasion she could draw her brows together and compress her lips, for she could hardly endure deception, and was impatient of idleness and delays." The colour of her eyes and their form is not known, but it is recorded that when she lifted them to heaven they were full of inspiration. In spite of being country-bred she was pale rather than rosy and not very tall, though well built and of good proportions.

The tragedy of her life, which cannot be contemplated without wonder and pity, was bound up not so much with her execution as with that which preceded it. "Before she died the death the Maid must be discredited in the eyes of the world. She must be proved a heretic, an apostate, a witch and a limb of Satan. She must be shorn of every scrap of prestige, then society must be well and surely rid of her; she must be burnt, and all the crowd must behold her dead. She must be for ever dishonoured and her mission with her; her King who believed in that mission, the men of valour who fought with her, the soldiers who followed her, and all the party that was her party must be covered with scorn, ignominy, and ridicule." In the manner in which these evil purposes were fulfilled lies the pathos which

* "Joan of Arc." By Grace James. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

keeps the story of Joan of Arc fresh and readable throughout the centuries. F. H.

THE NEW WILLIAM DE MORGAN.*

It is as true of Mr. William de Morgan as it was of Sir Walter Scott, that he "writes as fast as we can read, but he does not write himself down." The libraries have only just got familiar with the name of "It Never Can Happen Again" in their lists of the latest new novels, and here comes "An Affair of Dishonour" to rank as another new one alongside it.

But it will only rank alongside it as a new one; in other respects, good as the other book is, "An Affair of Dishonour" will take place above it. We have grown so used to regarding Mr. de Morgan as a student of life in modern and mid-Victorian London and, on his own admission, as a loyal disciple of Dickens, that it will probably be a little disconcerting to some of us to find that in this novel he is neither. After encouraging us to label him, and assign to him his particular corner in the field of fiction, he calmly belies that label by writing a romance of the days of Charles II. in a style that has no suggestion of Dickens anywhere about it.

And what a masterly romance it is! Yesterday had we written of a new romance of the time of the Merrie Monarch there would scarcely have been need of further description; the pattern is so well known. There would have been the gallant, dashing young hero, and a charming persecuted heroine getting into all manner of perils, with always at the exciting eleventh hour the gallant hero arriving, and, in face of odds that should have been overwhelming, snatching her to safety. Which was well enough and amusing enough in its way, but "An Affair of Dishonour" is nothing of that sort. Its hero is a handsome scoundrel afflicted with epilepsy, who would have been the villain in those prettier romances; its heroine is charming but frail and faulty, and gives herself to a man not because he is worthy of her, but only for the more exquisitely feminine reason that she loves him.

Here is the situation at the outset. Lucinda has run from home to live as mistress of the unscrupulous Sir Oliver Raydon, whose estate is within an easy ride of her father's. Raydon is married, but his infidelities have driven his wife to live apart from him, and Lucinda, simple and innocent enough at heart, has only succeeded to the place of others. Her mother has been long dead; her brother is abroad; and her father, a high-spirited, middle-aged gentleman, smarting under a sense of his own and his daughter's dishonour, challenges Sir Oliver to a duel. Raydon, knowing the girl's affection for her father and doubtful what she may do if she hears of this, keeps her in the dark about it. He rides off early one morning before she is up; and when he comes back there is a slight cut on his forehead, but by a foul second stroke after the other was wounded he has left his challenger dead behind him. The description of the duel and of Sir Oliver's arrival home, faced by the task of telling the girl that he had killed her father, grips the imagination and keeps the reader's interest on the stretch through every line of it. He sees Lucinda waiting for him in the garden, and feels it is impossible to tell her; he accounts for the cut on his forehead with a casual lie, and makes an effort to suppress his agitation and uneasiness; but the excitement and fierce emotions of the morning have been too much for him, and one of his horrible epileptic attacks saves him for the moment from the necessity of further excuses.

The longer he postpones his confession the harder it becomes to make it, and presently he decides that, if possible, he will put it off until he tires of Lucinda, as he tired of others. But the difficulty is that he does not tire of her; she is so winsomely different from those others that she has taken hold upon the heart of him, and he lives in constant dread of what may happen if she should find out the truth. He takes her a long journey, and they settle down for an indefinite stay at a lonely castle of his by the sea; he lets her write to her father and makes a show of dispatching her letters, and comforts her with plausible explanations as to why no answers come to her. The strain of all this upon him and its effects upon his mental and physical condition are very subtly and dramatically revealed. But the truth reaches Lucinda at last, indirectly by one of those unforeseeable chances that are always happening in life, and that no cunning or precautions can ever provide against; and directly through the malicious agencies of a woman Sir Oliver had wronged in his youth, and who serves now in a comfortable menial capacity in the castle. He had thought the wrong a commonplace trifle; he had made handsome amends; a prosperous farmer had married her for a consideration, and Sir Oliver had almost forgotten the incident; but the woman had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

It is no part of our business here to disclose more than this of the story. Lucinda being the girl she is, the revelation has all the effect that Sir Oliver had feared; his own long-continued deception of her and the meanness of some of the ways he had taken to keep her in ignorance sharpen the revulsion of her feelings towards him, and accentuate the horror with which she sees in him the murderer of her father; the fact that her silence had led her family to suppose that she had condoned his villainy and treated her father's death with comparative indifference counts for something against him too. She flies from his house in a frenzy of loathing, and his passionate entreaties, even when he contrives to get an interview with her, cannot move her to pardon him. But there is a potent reason now why she should go back to him, and this complicates the situation and is the controlling force in shaping the close.

These two characters are drawn with a subtlety and insight that are perhaps a touch beyond anything Mr. de Morgan has achieved before. There are no studied descriptions of the manners and customs of the times; no disquisitions on the history of the period; you gather the date of the story from incidental references; the whole thing is written simply and naturally as if drawn from records of some contemporary writing of the life of his own generation, taking his surroundings for granted, and not laying emphasis on habits of thought and living that should be everyday matters of course to him and his readers and would not strike him or them as any way peculiar. The result is a book that breathes as a natural exhalation the very tone and atmosphere of country life in mid-Restoration days, and a realistic romance that is as powerful as it is brilliantly imaginative.

* "An Affair of Dishonour." By William de Morgan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

THE SILVER LAND.*

Mr. Koebel is already known as an authority upon Argentina, and work from his pen upon this subject is always welcome. The rapidly increasing prosperity of the great Southern Republic in late years has been one of the most striking and encouraging facts in connection with the history of South America. Farther north, it may possibly be paralleled by the case of Mexico, but of the two states Mexico owes more to good fortune and less to the solid qualities of her people. The Argentine has yet to produce a leader of the supreme genius of Diaz, but if ever it does—well, there will be a fine chance for some future historian.

English people have the most curious ideas upon South America. To the majority of them it is a vague and

* "Argentina Past and Present." By W. H. Koebel. 12s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

vast affair of great rivers and impenetrable forests and idleness and assassination. Not so very long ago—the year before last, perhaps—a young Englishman who was about to go round the world wished to make some acquaintance with the interior of South America. He looked it up on the map, and delivered himself of the following: "I see Buenos Ayres has a million inhabitants. I expect I shall be able to hire a horse there." What he said afterwards I do not know. . . . This ignorance is all the more strange when the fact is taken into account that a very large amount of English capital is invested in South American securities—and particularly in those of the Argentine Republic. One would have thought that investors would know something—however vague—about South America. Perhaps they do, and are keeping it quiet for their own mysterious reasons.

Mr. Koebel removes the last shred of excuse for ignorance so far as Argentina is concerned. He gives it all in his book—even a fine series of photographs which show conclusively how very civilised most of the people look, and how very up-to-date a city is Buenos Ayres. (One photograph in particular is reminiscent of that portion of Piccadilly which is opposite the Ritz Hotel.) Naturally he devotes most of his book to a consideration of the business side of the Republic—especially to railways and sheep—but there are many delightful passages descriptive of his travels and his experiences of the people. Particular attention must be drawn to the admirable chapter upon the British emigrant, which, while upon the whole flattering to our susceptibilities, strikes a note of warning. It seems that even in his capacity for labour the British workman is sometimes surpassed by those of southern countries.

"Italian labour," says Mr. Koebel, "has been accepted with alacrity in the bulk: that of the British—such little as has been offered—is looked upon dubiously and with no little misgiving. It is the common belief at home that the daily labour of an Englishman exceeds that of a southerner, such as an Italian. In many parts of the world I hope and believe this to be true. Unfortunately, a long experience has proved that it cannot be generally accepted in Argentina. There the common opinion has almost passed into a proverb that the Britisher, whether mechanic or agriculturalist, is of little account on the first rung of the ladder. Unless a foreman, he may be ranked as of the useless class, it is considered."

However, it is satisfactory to find that in the higher ranks the British colonist is at least equal to any other in the world. In recommending a most interesting work, it is worthy of note that, considering the vast amount of information which "Argentina Past and Present" contains and the manner in which it is produced, it is decidedly a cheap book.

RECENT HISTORY.*

The historical world at its *rentrée des vacances* is confronted by two incidents, a heavy loss compensated in some measure by a solid gain. The loss, it need hardly be said, is the death of one who was, I suppose, the most eminent of living literary historians—Albert Vandal. Taine and Lecky were followed, only a year ago, by the historian of the Inquisition, Dr. Lea of Philadelphia. With the possible exception of the Italian, Ferrero, there is, so far as I can remember, no one living at the present moment who is capable of making the double appeal that these great writers made to the cultivated reader at large in various lands and to the professed historical student. Born in Paris in 1853, Albert Vandal was in a special sense the disciple, and successor, of Albert Sorel, to whose chair of diplomatic history he was promoted in 1906 at Taine's now famous Ecole des Sciences Politiques. An artist and enthusiast of an extremely elevated character, struggling always against constitutional melancholy and an historical conscience which imposed upon him a most exhausting and rigorous method in research, Vandal recalls in certain respects America's greatest historian, Francis Parkman. Like Parkman, he was a great believer in topographical atmosphere. But he received from an early date more discipline, guidance, and direction. Sorel absorbed some of his best years. The Eastern Question of the second half of the eighteenth century and the remodelling of the Russo-Germanic frontier seemed to him the most important unexplored keyhole in recent international history. Vandal took this up, and produced his magisterial study on Louis XV. and Elizabeth of Russia. More than any one else, I suppose, he revealed how largely faulty diplomacy was responsible for the collapse of the old French monarchy. The knowledge of the Franco-Russian archives thus obtained proved a solid foundation for what is perhaps Vandal's most durable monument, "Napoleon et Alexandre Ier," which was twice crowned by the French Academy, obtained the Prix Gobert in 1893 and 1894, and the publication of which was completed by Plon, Nourrit in 1896. The break-up of the understanding arrived at at Tilsit between Napoleon and the northern Colossus is here treated as it deserves to be, as the critical phase of the Corsican's career; and the theory that Allah made Napoleon mad because he intended to destroy him is effectually shattered. Napoleon acted as he did under invisible but irresistible pressure. He was never really less absolute than when he appeared most so, in 1809-10, and Seeley's theory that Great Britain was an ever-present thorn in the flesh to him is abundantly justified. Vandal shows how Napoleon always regarded himself in a double light as a Roman Emperor and as a protector of Europe against northern barbarians. He looked upon himself and England (such is Vandal's vigorous figure) as rival suitors for the hand of Dame Europe, and he was perplexed and tortured by the lady, the moment brute force was removed, preferring England's gifts to his. That Russia should disregard her faithful Achilles and turn a soft ear to these underhand blandishments seemed to him an outrage, and as a symptom far more serious than the running sore which was beginning to afflict him in Portugal. Vandal shows with a master hand how these considerations, in the effusion of time, left Napoleon virtually no choice but to act as he did. In the end the conqueror of Austerlitz recovered most, if not all, of his old bellicose self-confidence, and Vandal gives us some very picturesque snapshots of the parvenu Emperor confounding his attendance in 1812 by singing snatches of the republican war songs of his martial youth. His power of fathoming men is shown nowhere more admirably than in the scene in which he wheedles Murat back to his old-time loyalty. He explained to his intimates the calculated mixture of resentment and blarney which was necessary to overcome "that Italian pantaloon":

"He has a good heart; he still loves me better than his lazzaroni. When he is with me he is mine; but when away from me, like all these men of weak character, he belongs to these who surround him and flatter him. He is under the dominion of his wife [Napoleon's own sister], who puts a hundred silly ideas into his head. He would be clamouring for the throne of Poland but for her and her wild dream of a united Italian Kingdom. Well, never mind! Jerome shall have the Polish Crown, sure enough. It'll make him a splendid kingdom. But he must do, *achieve* something. These Poles are fanatics for glory."

He went on to complain bitterly of all the kings he had made—their silly vanity and insane penchant for Divine right and primogeniture. Here we have Napoleon to the life, depicted by a complete master. It is the same in his third great book, which is certainly one of the glories

* "Longmans' Political History." Vol. VI. By Prof. A. F. Pollard. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)—"The Great Civil War in Dorset." By A. R. Bayley, F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce.)—"Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine." By Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by the Lady Theodora Davidson. 15s. net. (Unwin.)

of contemporary history, "L'Avènement de Bonaparte" (one of the late Mr. Meredith's favourite books). In this he shows exactly the composition of the minority upon which the consulship of Napoleon depended, and how Marengo turned it into a majority. Vandal's personal distinction, his eloquence and his fine enlightened patriotism, make his loss to the Academy and to France an irreparable one.

But at the same time with this loss an historical triumph has to be acclaimed in the completion of the "Political History of England," under the editorship of Dr. Hunt and Dr. Poole, by the issue on September 20 of Professor Pollard's volume (Vol. VI.) on England from 1547 to 1603. We have not had time yet to examine the work in detail, but can say at once that it is deserving in the fullest sense of the critical place that it fills in the series—for after the Norman conquest there would probably be little dispute that the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth have been the most momentous in our national history. Professor Pollard does a good deal to defend Foxe the martyrologist from the aspersions of the neo-Catholics, he delineates Elizabeth as representing that hesitant frame of mind in politics which has so often in more recent times decided the fate of parties, and he insists on 1569 as the most critical year of the reign in which, after a long struggle and innumerable fluctuations, the government finally came down on the side of the new forces as opposed to the feudal and conservative elements represented by the old religion, the Norfolk influence. and the championship of Mary of Scots. The picture of Elizabeth solemnly deliberating on her death-bed as to whom she shall appoint successor is shown to be completely fabulous. She had, in the circumstances, no power to bequeath the crown, and still less any belief in such a power of disposition, which had been set at naught so completely in the case of her despotic father's will and testament. The matter of the succession, as she very well knew, had long been practically decided. She said nothing about it. Her thoughts were absorbed elsewhere. Mr. Pollard pays a high tribute to the queen's understanding of her subjects, and to her power of exciting their patriotic and loyal enthusiasm by speech, in which that penetrating knowledge is most subtly reflected. The power to govern has never, perhaps, been purchased at a greater price in servitude and self-subjugation than it was by Elizabeth Tudor. The genealogies and maps will be of the utmost service to students. Apart from these the author's most original contributions to the study of this most perplexing and difficult reign will be found in chapters seven, eight, ten, eleven, fifteen, sixteen, and twenty-four.

The volume completes the series, of which it was the last to be commissioned. The programme of six years ago has now been carried out *in extenso* with hardly any alterations, and Messrs. Longmans are heartily to be complimented on their enterprise. From the first volume by Dr. Hodgkin to the last by Mr. Sidney Low, the work has been maintained in most capable and efficient hands, who have been liberally paid for their contributions. The editing has been anything but a sinecure, and so far have the editors carried their zeal that quite independently of their criticisms of the authors under review, they have consistently criticised and corrected one another. This reciprocal commentary of experts, it has been thought by some observers, if it could be only collected from the proof-sheets and published in a separate volume, would have an educational value transcending that of all the other volumes put together. But the educational value of some of these it would be difficult at present to exaggerate. They supply collectively a continuous view of English political history, adequately indexed and illustrated with maps and tables, from the earliest period to the close of the reign of Victoria. They have been written in a strictly impartial spirit, they embody the most salient results of modern research, and they supply in uniform appendixes, upon which great labour has been expended, a summary view of sources and materials both ancient and modern. The result cannot fail by degrees to penetrate the text-books and set up a higher standard of historical accuracy and hypothesis than has yet been known. Eventually it will make itself felt in the general histories and text-books of European history in use upon the Continent, from which we shall expect gradually to see the more egregious errors triumphantly expunged. To reference libraries the book will, for many years to come, be indispensable. Last but not least, we must compliment the publishers upon the extremely moderate price of seven and sixpence, which has brought the work within the range of a vast public to whom the now popular half a guinea would be prohibitive.

From the severer and scholastic type we may now turn for a minute to welcome specimens of local or, more frankly, popular history, in Mr. A. R. Bayley's "The Great Civil War in Dorset" and Joseph Turquan's "Madame Royale." Both are good specimens of the class to which they belong. Mr. Bayley owes much in original encouragement to the great authority on the period, Professor Firth, and much in execution to the run of the rare Dorset collections of Mr. Broadley of Bradpole. Dorset, of course, was not a great theatre of the war; but sieges of Sherborne, Wareham, Weymouth, and Lyme Regis (of which we have many strange particulars) formed important episodes at more than one crisis; while the nineteen days spent by Charles II. in the county after Worcester were by far the most perilous in the whole course of his flight, the common people of Dorset being persistent Commonwealth men. The narrative is well handled, and the book will, no doubt, find a place in Dorset libraries alongside of Roberts and Mayo. The production and organisation of the book is less satisfactory than the labour that has gone to compile it. The text is forbiddingly solid, and the author is much too sparing of generalising, dividing his paragraphs, or summing up the results of his investigations.

Joseph Turquan's spicy and caustic work as an anecdotic historian is already well known in England. He has practically exhausted the entourage of Napoleon, for he has already chronicled the Bonaparte sisters, Josephine, Hortense, Tallien, Jerome, Napoleon in Love, and kindred themes. He does for the Grandes Amoureuses the same spirited and devoted service that Mr. Gribble does for the Grands Amoureux. The unhappy Dauphiness and Duchesse d'Angoulême would seem at first sight to be hardly a suitable subject for his mordant pen. Lenôtre has already treated it at considerable length. M. Turquan attributes the moroseness of the lady in her later years to marriage rather than to early misfortune. He does not mention the English rumour that she had been outraged during her imprisonment in the Temple. Her faults of pride and temper were in many opinions redeemed by the romance of her later heroism and the exploits of "the only man in the family," as the great Napoleon called her. The great should always be criticised severely. M. Turquan is strongly of this opinion, and the result is that he is unfailingly entertaining.

Other works of recent issue important for all students to know are Mr. G. G. Coulton's "A Medieval Garner," a collection of 330 documentary fragments (Constable, 1910) ranging from 1100 to 1500, representing every side, and certainly not least the humorous side, of medieval existence; and the other a new edition of Professor Tout's crown Handbook of English History, incorporating the reign of Edward the Peacemaker.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

BARNABY. By R. Ramsay. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Personation must be an awkward situation when you agree to personate a widow and then discover that your *soi-disant* husband is alive. Miss Ramsay gets her heroine into this fix, after an excellent opening. What happens to Susan and Barnaby Hill when the latter discovers the former in his mother's house, and what happens when the real wife turns up later—all this is the proper secret of the authoress, and a reviewer dare not divulge it. That is the worst of a novel like this. However, it can be warmly commended to readers who want something fresh in the way of sensations. There is fox-hunting in it; there are some capital scenes; and there is a literary skill which manipulates the plot past several awkward corners. Add to these the aforesaid plot, and you have freshness unforced. The Duchess, Mélisande the dressmaker, Lady Henrietta, Julia, and Susan herself are alive from first to last; even the outrageous Julia, who is Miss Casby rampant, does not become unreal. Miss Ramsay has cleverly used Barnaby's former relations with Julia to cover the growth of his affection for the woman who was in name, but in nothing else, his wife, and one can forgive the neat twist at the end which unravels the knot—unravels, and ties it again. For the solution of this paradox, see the novel itself.

MY LADY OF INTRIGUE. By Humfrey Jordan. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The ancient cycles of romance are named from their heroes as Arthurian and Carlovingian; of modern novels there can be few divisions to equal in extent that which we would venture to call the Richelieu Cycle. It is now a good many years since Mr. Stanley Weyman discovered this mine, and novelists ever since have thronged in their hundreds to this Klondyke of romance. The wonder is that so many of them have fared so well and found ore of distinct value. Mr. Jordan's is a new name to us, and he comes late to the adventure, but there is no doubt as to his fitness for it and his success. His hero, John Fort, is of the true breed—an English gentleman adventurer who suddenly finds himself entangled in the intrigues of the court of Louis. In the Duchesse de Chevreuse he meets a lady worthy of such a squire, but the author has done wisely in making the love-story a one-sided one. It makes the tale convincing without any loss of interest to leave her "Hercules," as she calls him, unrewarded by the Duchesse, except for her grateful acknowledgment of his quixotic and unselfish devotion. The great Cardinal has not here the important part he is made to fill in most of the stories of this cycle. But he is very skilfully introduced, and his personality is made to colour the whole fabric of the plot. Mr. Jordan in this book is excellently imitative, but his careful workmanship speaks of laurels to be won in newer fields.

THE YOUNG IDEA. By Frank A. Swinnerton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Not many of us manage to retain the cherished ideals which distinguished our early outlook on life. Our gods prove false all too quickly; the shock of disillusionment shatters the many-coloured spectacles of youth, and in their stead we assume the drab-coloured ones of age and bitter experience. This comedy of environment portrays with remarkable insight the "growing-pains" of a girl's mind as she begins to realise some of the ugliness of the world into which she is thrown. Hilda Vernon is a clerk in a London business house, and the mainstay of her brother and sister. The three occupy a little flat in Maida Vale, and their individual characteristics are vividly sketched with the aid of pithy dialogue. The younger

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton.**

sister, a high-spirited girl of eighteen, is a delightful embodiment of all the wholesome virtues and lovable failings of buoyant youth. The brother, on the other hand, is a selfish, indolent fellow, abominably rude to his doting sisters, whose circle of acquaintances is limited to the questionable friends of their brother's choosing. Persecuted at the office by the unwelcome attentions of the firm's junior partner, Hilda feels the bitter helplessness of her position as wage-earner. Moreover, her brother becomes involved in a squalid entanglement with a married woman. The world, once so fresh and pure, is tainted in her eyes; doubts begin to crowd in upon her. "In her agony, Hilda longed to believe in the beauty of something, in the purity of some idea, or the integrity of an individual. She longed for something to which she could lift her eyes." Into the breach steps her neighbour, Galbraith, a man with a scheme, battling to escape "the muffled tragedy of a clerk's life," striving heart and soul to assert his individuality. By sheer strength of character he regenerated her faith in mankind and herself. "The Young Idea" contains some distinctly clever and humorous characterisation founded on shrewd observation, and in its pages the spirit of resolute youth, often bruised but never crushed, finds eloquent expression.

LADY MOLLY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By the Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Cassell.)

The female Sherlock Holmes was bound to arrive in fiction, and it was as inevitable that she should have her subordinate, Mary Granard, who plays the rôle of Watson. Lady Molly, however, works in connection with Scotland Yard, and she has neither chemistry nor the violin as recreations. The twelve stories in which her feminine wit is described are of the ordinary detective class, put together with the authoress's well-known skill. In the last of them, Lady Molly succeeds in clearing her husband of suspicion on a charge of murder, and this enables her to retire from detective work. It also enables Miss Granard to explain how her dear lady managed to keep her position in society

and at the same time to practise her profession. People who like the brandy of criminology can have twelve sips in this book. The authoress knows how to blend and serve up her stuff, and probably her large public will be curious to see how she contrives to excite them in this new rôle. Probably, also, they will persuade her that Lady Molly's marriage need not interrupt finally her career as a feminine detective.

THE BROKEN SWORD. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Morice Gerard has written stories of divers countries and many periods, but he is never so entirely at his ease, never so thoroughly at home, as when he is writing of the England of those years that are spanned by the life of the great Duke of Marlborough. That era seems to possess a special fascination for him. In "The Broken Sword" he returns to it yet again. The Duke himself plays no part in this romance, though it flashes his name upon you and makes you sensible of him as an influence in the background. Here the tale is of Captain Ruthven and certain of the family of the martyred Lord Russell. It opens at the time when James II., untaught by the experiences of his father, is subtly reasserting the divine right of kings, and insisting that those about him, and his officers in the Army and Navy, shall put off their own religion, whatever it be, like an old cloak, and put on his like a new one. The order had gone forth, as Henry Sidney puts it to Lady Russell, "Abjure your religion, change it to suit the King, or surrender your rank and place and cease to serve the colours." When the alternative is offered to Captain Ruthven, his prompt answer is to break his sword across his knee. He evades arrest for this display of disloyalty by summarily knocking down the double-dealing Major Dolan, who is glad of the excuse to get him out of the way, and escaping by the window. He does not get off scathless, and presently, when he faints from loss of blood whilst he is drifting down the Thames in an open boat in the darkness, help comes to him from a wholly unexpected quarter, and when he returns to consciousness he finds himself in the very heart of one of the most thrilling of romances. He has been mercifully taken into the camp of those whom a few days earlier he would have classed among his enemies. The house in which he is lodged is the centre of that vast conspiracy, then rapidly and secretly hatching, for bringing the Protestant William of Orange over to supplant the Catholic and intolerant James, and an earnest and moving spirit in carrying despatches, and otherwise helping forward that notable revolution, is the charming Mary Russell. It is not long before Ruthven has a sword by his side once more, and, feeling absolved from his allegiance to a King who has discarded him, eagerly constitutes himself the attendant and guardian of the woman who had befriended him when he was wounded and outcast, and with her, and in her service, he faces danger and death, and is involved in a rush of brisk and thrilling adventures that are related with a vigour and cunning that keep the reader in doubt and keenly interested to the finish. There is a delightful love idyll that dates from the meeting of Ruthven with Mary Russell, and only ends with the book in the sense that Mr. Gerard makes it clear that it is to continue happily though no more of it is to be written. It is a capital story, and one that no good novel-reader ought to overlook.

THE LANTERN BEARERS. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

"The Lantern Bearers" is a pretty and entertaining romance—a boy-and-girl love story. Clive and Helga find the course of true love anything but smooth, as some years before their fathers have had a violent quarrel. The fathers do not know that their children have become acquainted, and it is because they dare not tell them that the boy and girl determine to become lantern bearers. Helga explains to Clive how the boys in Stevenson's essay played a game: "They brought lanterns and lighted them and wore them under their top coats so that no one who was not playing the game could see. . . . The essence of the game was to walk in the dark and all the while deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart to know the light was burning. You see, he calls them fools, Clive. Perhaps we should be fools to light such a lantern; but no one would be vexed or burned by it, and we should carry it with us and exult over the knowledge." So they light their lanterns—by getting married one snowy day at a registrar's office in London; then they return to their different homes knowing that their lantern must burn in secret until they can overthrow the many obstacles that block the path and make their marriage known. Clive's manliness and the girl's sweet disposition and the way in which they triumph over those obstacles will win the sympathy and interest of every reader of Mrs. Sidgwick's natural and charmingly told tale.

PRESTER JOHN. By John Buchan. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

Mr. Buchan's new novel has obvious reminiscences of Stevenson and Rider Haggard, but it is vividly written, and the story of David Crawford's adventures during the native rising in South Africa is more than a succession of thrilling episodes. "I learnt," says the hero, "the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes, and well content to find his reward in the fulfilment of his task. That is the difference between white and black, the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and so long as we know this and practise it, we will rule not in Africa alone, but wherever there are dark men who live only for the day and their own bellies." The Rev. John Laputa, a clever and patriotic Zulu, is not a dark man of this breed. He plays the double rôle of a Christian evangelist and a Kaffir agitator, but his mind, like his body, is large and even noble. He claims to be the incarnate spirit of Prester John, in order to organise an African empire. He works on this old tradition and prestige, talking Christianity to the kraals, and exciting the patriotic ambition of the chiefs for the purpose of raising the natives against English and Dutch civilisation; but his efforts break down, and, after a breathless series of adventures, he is outwitted and killed. There is no love-interest in the book, any more than in "Treasure Island." But it is not simply a tale for boys. Mr. Buchan has drawn Laputa with admirable skill, as a terrible and heroic figure, a man who compels the admiration and respect even of those who hunt him to the death. The opening chapter promises excitement; the novel amply fulfils this promise, but it provides the reader with an original study in Zulu ambition under the double influence of racial superstition and religious fervour.

MY BROTHER THE KING. By Edward H. Cooper. 6s. (Lane.)

James Darcy, aged sixteen, with some younger children, was taken by his parents on a yachting-trip into the White Sea, and thence to the northern coast of Siberia. At the mouth of the river Obi (you can see it marked in your atlas) is the Yalmal Peninsula, which is inhabited by a semi-savage tribe, the Samoyedes. Off the southern end of the peninsula the yacht was beset in ice, and the party were compelled to settle down for the winter. James Darcy's theory was "an Englishman's born to rule people who aren't Englishmen, and he knows the right way to do it by instinct. "If anyone asked me to be a king to-morrow, I should say, 'Right you are, old man!' and I should waltz in and do it, and those people would have a much better time than they'd ever had before." By a curious combination of circumstances, this is very much what happens. The Samoyedes ask him to be King James I. of

Yalmal, and he consents. He is a very good king too—during his short reign. But of course there is bound to be trouble with Russia. Mr. Cooper's posthumous novel is very captivating. The author had got hold of a new idea, and he has worked it out in a manner which suggests that we had not yet had the best of which he was capable. As usual, his children are the most lifelike we know in modern fiction. In short, "My Brother the Kng" is in every way a finished and charming book.

THE PRINCESS GALVA. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Greening.)

The story starts in the stuffy little office of Messrs. Kyser, Schultz & Company on the last day of Edward Povey's service there. He has been in their employ for twenty-two years and has now been displaced by a younger man. As he leaves the office that evening and passes as usual over London Bridge, he realises that a new era is starting for him, and his spirit undergoes a change. "He began to think that it was a good, full world—a world in which there were more things and higher possibilities than the evil-smelling counting-house of Kyser, Schultz & Company. He told himself that he had wasted nearly a quarter of a century." And within half an hour he has stumbled on something that leads him clear away from London and his villa residence at Clapham, and the sombre little City clerk is transformed into a person of importance and whirled into the heart of a romantic adventure—an adventure that has to do with a house at Bushey, a mysterious letter, a murder in Paris, a young girl in Cornwall, and a Queen far away in San Pietro. Mr. Whitelaw has a shrewd sense of humour and considerable imaginative gifts, and has given us in "The Princess Galva" a thoroughly enjoyable romance, made up of comedy and tragedy, and written with uncommon narrative skill.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By Maude Annesley. 6s. (Methuen.)

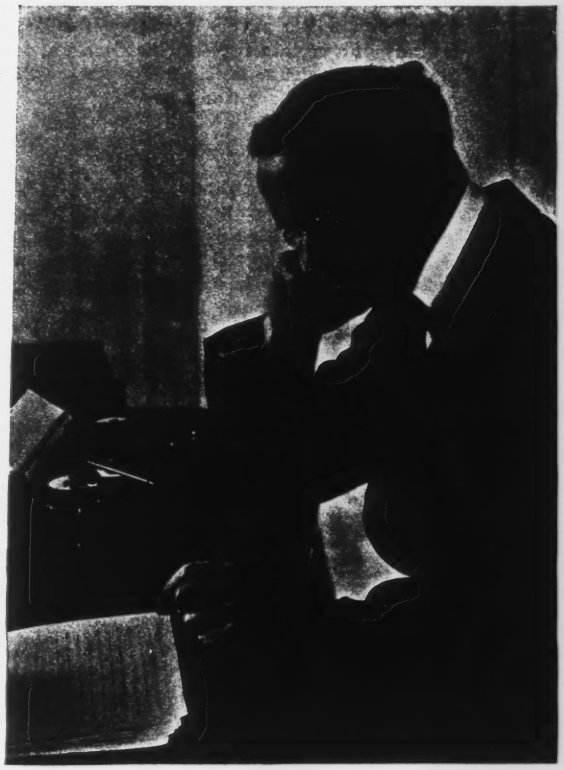
The author of this novel has certainly a strong claim to originality. At least, to speak with accuracy rather than from mere opinion, we do not remember in a long course of novel-reading having encountered any plot of similar design. Gonda Byrne, a charming widow of considerable fame as an artist, found in Paris many opportunities for gratifying her love for romantic adventure. Attacked by a band of *apaches*, she captivated their leader by her cool daring, and presently Faux-col sat to her as a model for Agamemnon. The friendship between the artist and the *apache* model grew into love on his side and infatuation on hers, and soon the reckless widow became a disguised participator in the pastimes and the criminal enterprises of the gang. This is a promising enough theme for a series of fascinating adventures, and Miss Annesley has not missed the chance. Gonda at one time finds herself in prison, from which she effects a daring escape. On another occasion she is present at the committal of a dastardly crime, which leads to the execution of Faux-col and to her own tragic end. The author is a relentless moralist, and makes Gonda pay dearly for her escapades entered upon so light-heartedly. The story holds the interest from beginning to end, and no reader will have a fault to find with it unless as regards the penalty exacted of the heroine.

QUEEN SHEBA'S RING. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Since Mr. Haggard first exploited the regions of unknown Africa for the purposes of romance, he has poured out a continuous stream of novels on the same subject and clothed in the same atmosphere. If one feels in reading "Queen Sheba's Ring" that the old inspiration that made "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" so fresh and invigorating has become somewhat of a convention, it is merely because one has read so much of the author's work, not because the story is stale and mechanical. On the contrary, it is a fine, stirring tale, full of adventure and fighting and mystery. Four Englishmen—Dr. Adams, the narrator of the story; Professor Ptolemy Higgs, a fiery, bizarre Egyptologist; Captain Orme, and Sergeant Quick—set out to save the Queen of Sheba, who lives, with her decadent people, in an isolated land, surrounded by the hostile nation of the Fung. Adams, who has drifted into the Queen of Sheba's capital in search of his son, is entrusted by her with the task of destroying the great idol of the Fung, with the existence of which the luck of the nation is bound up. How he returns to England and obtains the assistance of his companions, and how they fare on their adventure, are set out with all Mr. Haggard's accustomed skill. The story flows so naturally and so convincingly that at the end one is as sorry to part with the four heroes as ever one was to see the last of Gargool or Allan Quatermain or the undying She.

THE AMAZING MUTES. By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

All is over between Marion Ronald and Ralph Harlech in the first line of the first chapter, and you suspect that the aim Mr. Ward Muir had in writing "The Amazing Mutes" was to bring them happily together again in the last few pages; but if you read the book you will find you are quite mistaken; and if you don't read the book you will miss one of the gayest, most frivolously irresponsible and delightfully humorous stories that this season has brought us. Ronald, a young man of means and position, nephew of Lady Anchester, and author of a novel that has long remained unwritten but that he is always about to write, thrown over by his cousin Marion, and so at a loose end, is induced by a casual misunderstanding, and the sight of a pretty face, to go under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Touring Association for a "Five Guinea Week in Lovely Lucerne." In the beginning, for reasons of his own, he makes necessary arrangements with the real official, and wears a gilt-lettered cap and poses as conductor of the party, and whilst he is acting in this capacity he



Mr. Ward Muir.

discovers that his aunt's stately butler is one of his trippers, and the only one who is travelling first class, because he does not care to mix with "the ruck." He takes the butler partly into his confidence, and as the butler does not wish Lady Anchester to know that he could so far unbend as to take his pleasures with the crowd, each is pledged to keep the other's secret. But when they get to Lucerne, Lady Anchester and Marion are there already, and awkward complications begin to ensue. Mr. Muir gets some excellent fun out of the idiosyncrasies of the various members of the touring party, genially satirises the peculiarities of the personally conducted tour, and welds it all together with a lively farcical plot in which two or three pretty girls take a hand, with the result that you get just enough of light love-making to give the tale a sauce of pleasant sentiment. "Switzerland will soon be as amusing as Earl's Court, and with cheaper meals into the bargain," says Lady Anchester, when she first sees an advertisement of the Five Guinea Trip; but if the Exhibition were as amusing as Mr. Muir makes Switzerland, you would soon know it, for you would be able to hear Earl's Court laughing half over London.

THE LAME ENGLISHMAN. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Lame Englishman was unsensational in appearance, but romantic in spirit. His name did not help him much, either, for it was Thomas Smith; moreover, he was respectably well off, and his mother was always writing to remind him to wear his white muffler on cold nights. He resented all this, and, though he was a very decent fellow, he allowed it to prey upon his mind so much that he became morose. However, he was living—for the time-being—in Rome, and the year was 1849. Smith was interested in the cause of the people, and thus he came to meet a very perfect heroine, who, unfortunately, was already married to a fat Italian. In spite of his lameness, Smith was accepted for Garibaldi's regiment, and he saw his full share of fighting (and remarkably well it is described) before Mr. Deeping sees fit to wind up his story on p. 370. We wish Mr. Deeping could have gone on for a little, for "The Lame Englishman" is a very good novel indeed. For its clever study of a certain type of character and for its general interest "The Lame Englishman" is worthy of a very high place among this season's novels.

FEAR. By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

A reviewer's first feeling will certainly be one of calm but firm conviction that "it cannot be Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland who has done a book with this title." Mrs. Bland, he will recall, was once a delightful writer of verse, and even of recent years, when she has done little but make up stories that children all over the Empire love, she has never lost that wizard touch that rendered her poems so fresh, so fragrant, and alive with a note of intimate personal charm. Even her novel, "The Red House," was a novel that a poet might have written, and lo! here comes "Fear," by the author of "The Incomplete Amorist," "The Story of the Amulet," and "The Enchanted Castle." And these startling stories, it should be noted, bear titles just as startling as the name on the cover. Nevertheless, they are amazingly well written. They don't shock you as you expect they will when you think of their sombre label. They interest you at the onset, like all the best types of popular magazine-stories, and then when you get right into the heart of their mysteries, you are puzzled, excited, curious, and anxious, but you are never frightened, and you are only sorry when they come to an end. The first story is, perhaps, the best—"The Five Senses," which tells about a scientist who discovered a combination of drugs that would intensify all or each of our sensations—but "The Ebony Frame" is also quaint and unexpected, and it runs the first story in dramatic interest rather close.

THE ROMANTIC ROAD. By Guy Rawlence. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Guy Rawlence has not discovered any remarkably new formula for a story of highwayman adventure in the days of "Farmer George," but he has the gift of bright and pleasant narrative, and he makes all his characters step down from their niches and perform their parts upon his tiny stage with naturalness and grace. Personally we are rather sorry that he does not tell us more about Mademoiselle Clothilde Chamby and her aunt, and that weak, silly youth Lord Fortington. They made an excellent foil to the hero, Sir Michael Stanton of Stanton Hall, Devon, and his fair Julia, who masqueraded under the stress of stern necessity as the notorious highwayman Wild Will on the roads around Salisbury and Fordingbridge; but when the lust of adventure gets in an author's blood it often causes him to lay more stress on action and on sensation than upon any nicely balanced contrast in character, locality, and atmosphere, and after all "The Romantic Road" gives a reader plenty of excitement and pleasure. The finish too is beyond reproach: "'And so the adventures are over,' said he, 'the old life done with. No more wild rides, no more fears and tremors, no more escapades on the road—the great romantic road!' She sighed. 'Julia, you regret it!' 'Maybe I should—but for you,' she answered smiling." As a climax it is not very novel, of course, but it is eminently comforting and grateful.

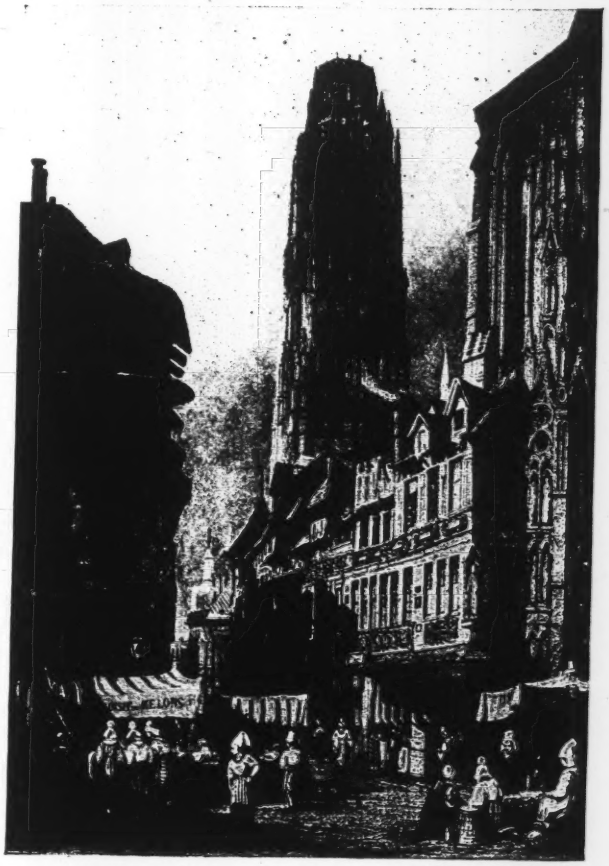
THE MAN-MARKET. By Edgar Swan. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Kornilof was an ingenious Russian who had an idea for getting rich quick. He used to advertise on eggs that he knew of excellent openings for young men on his farm in Russia. When he got hold of his young men, he proceeded—having made friends with the officers in charge of the gangs of prisoners on their way to Siberia—to exchange them for such of the true prisoners as could pay for the privilege of escaping. Among those entrapped and sent to Siberia was a young Englishman, Tom Bateman, with whose troubles and adventures—together with those of his brother, and a Russian friend, who went in search of him—this book deals. Mr. Swan has a fertile imagination for adventures, and he keeps his story moving well. Moreover, he seems to know Russia and Russian ways thoroughly. "The Man-Market," in short, is a highly effective piece of sensation.

The Bookman's Table.

OLD CONTINENTAL TOWNS. By Walter M. Gallichan. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is the latest volume in a series which already contains a number of books of proven utility to the traveller both in England and abroad. The difference from its predecessors lies in the fact that while they are confined in their scope to one special country, this one has a continent for its theme. Mr. Gallichan deals at varying lengths with old and famous cities in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Bohemia, and Greece. He has provided a book which those who are wandering over Europe will find a pleasant companion. He writes in a simple, easy manner, and if the desire to get much information into a little space sometimes drives him to the border of guide-bookishness, that is a lesser crime than diffuseness or vague sentimentality. For Mr. Gallichan has not, one takes it, set out to write a volume of impressions, like Mr. Arthur Symons' "Cities." Nor must one go to him for art criticism or the documented details of history. But for those who want to know the main facts of a town's story and where its best churches and pictures are to be found and what great men have illuminated it, "Old Continental Towns" is just the thing. Specially



Rouen, 1822.
A street showing the Tower of the Cathedral.
From "Old Continental Towns," by Walter M. Gallichan. (Werner Laurie.)

interesting are the chapters on the Spanish towns—Toledo, Seville, Granada, Cordova. Mr. Gallichan has written on Spain before, and his acquaintance with the cities of the peninsula is obviously particularly intimate. For several reasons, Spain is at the present moment as interesting to Englishmen as any country in Europe. It is a country whose future is as fruitful of speculation as its past is crowded with romance. It is not amiss, therefore, that its cities should occupy the most arresting pages of "Old Continental Towns." A number of illustrations, taken from old engravings, embellish the book.

LE DUC DE MORNY. By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. 12s. 6d. (John Long.)

Of all the characters that were jostled into prominence on the world's stage by the rise of the Second Empire under Napoleon the Third, the Duc de Morny was perhaps one of the most remarkable. His origin alone had in itself the quintessence of historical romance. A gilded chain of illegitimacy made him the putative great-grandson of Louis XV.—the grandson of Talleyrand, and the son of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter-in-law of Napoleon the First and the wife of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. It was this latter relationship that made him half-brother of Napoleon III. It was not until Louis Napoleon had been elected President of the Second Republic that the brothers first met. Prior to this De Morny had passed his life as a soldier, a politician, and a speculative financier. The *coup d'état* and the establishment of the Empire raised him to a position of political importance, and as Minister of the Interior, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and President of the Corps Législatif, he displayed talents of a high order. Had he been alive in 1870, it is possible that the Empire might have been saved; as it was, death relieved him from witnessing the degradation of a régime that he had done much to establish. In this interesting and admirably written Life the author has done his best to trick his subject out as a hero; but even he has to describe him as "a man of brains and pluck, bereft of all feeling, of all belief, and all principles." A financial adventurer, he used his position in the State to feather his own nest—bearing stocks when war with Austria was to be declared and dragging his country into the disgrace of the Mexican campaign to further his own ends. He posed as the grand seigneur—"too tired to speak, too bored to live"—he loved to ostentatiously display his wealth and his superiority, and the author ill-advisedly repeats the old gambling story as a proof of his fine manners, when it merely affords an illustration of what he really was—a parvenu of the first water and a *nouveau riche* of the worst type. The book is an excellent study of a remarkable man, and an important addition to the literature of the Second Empire.

QUIET DAYS IN SPAIN. By C. Bogue Luffmann. 8s. net. (Murray.)

Considering the number of books on Spain that are published every year in this country, there would seem to be a number of people who have been beyond the Pyrenees. Mr. Luffmann very probably saw far less English folk in Spain than Spaniards, seeing that he spent his time in every corner of the land and has apparently been taken to the bosoms, more than once or twice, of Spanish families. All this is very pleasant. Mr. Luffmann's picture is as true as Frith's own "Derby Day," and so anxious is he to relate the real Spaniard, that he does not shy at lapses in the grammar. Many writers would not have allowed the mother of Trinidad to say "Con muchas gusto," nor have had the beggar say "monte de piete." And here is a fine story, redolent of truth (for the actor's name is wrongly spelled); it is from the *Heraldo de Madrid*, which wrote one day that "Makowski, the actor most celebrated in Berlin, died *repentant* this morning." Mr. Luffmann knows a great deal about Murcia, and is so learned on the subject of hair that he certainly must know whether or not the hairdressers are women; we should have put "peinadores" instead of "peinadoras." And Mr. Luffmann gives one the impression that it is not good for weaker brethren to know too much. He stays a lifetime in a little town, and tells us something most recondite, which a common traveller would never have observed. Page after page presents us with some curious piece of information. The style may be too disconnected, but we are not in the presence of an author who imagines that we shall be satisfied with rolling periods of eloquence. He is the man who knows, and we are glad to listen, for we have read many volumes on Spain.

BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS. By Dillon Wallace. With 75 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and a Map. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When we received Mr. Wallace's "Long Trail of Labrador" some two years ago, it occurred to us that here was an observant traveller of whose excellent powers of description we should see more in the time to come. Here is corroborative evidence of what we then thought. Having realised that Western Mexico was practically a virgin country to the English-speaking traveller with a literary tendency, he and a friend left 'Frisco to see what they could find between the Pacific and the Mexican Sierras. At Mazatlan, their intended port of disembarkation, they were prevented from going ashore by the usual pig-headed high-mightiness of the authorities of colonies which were originated by Latin races. But this fact produced them three friends from amongst the passengers, men who had a stake in the country and were, in a sense, going home *via* another port. In this manner the party of two was

increased, and a way was opened to the interior. What Mr. Wallace found beyond the mountains was, as regards the people, much the same as we saw in the eastern part of the country—a backward, indolent race who thought of nothing, cared for nothing, so be that they were sure of the day's food and the eternal *siesta*. As to the country itself: Mr. Wallace quotes a highly eulogising paragraph from Prescott's Introduction to his "Conquest of Mexico," and adds: "I am tempted to enlarge his comparison, and assert that in all the two continents of the Western Hemisphere there is no area of equal extent that can approach Mexico in wealth of natural resources, variety of climate, grandeur of scenery, prehistoric ruins, and romantic history." Wedged in amongst his well-conveyed pieces of actual information concerning Western Mexico, his entertaining thumb-nail pictures by the way, and his many little proofs of an observing and deductive mind that knows the value of humour, Mr. Wallace tells us much not merely of what the country is, but what it could be made. This is particularly so in the districts through which the Southern Pacific Railroad is now being extended. Says he, after ascertaining the nature of the soil: "Investors who take hold of this land now, while it can be had at a merely nominal price, will reap fortunes in colonisation later. The prices will advance by leaps and bounds with the opening of the railroad. Then will come the transformation of jungles into orange groves, fields of grain will spring up, rich harvests of bananas, pine-apples, and the hundred other profitable crops the land is capable of will be gathered, and from the near-by hills will come as fine coffee as tropical America can grow." Altogether the book is very interesting, and the numerous illustrations are excellent.

THE SOUTH DEVON AND DORSET COAST. By Sidney Heath. 1s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—**A SHORT HISTORY OF SOUTHAMPTON.** By F. J. C. Hearnshaw and others. 2s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

"The South Devon and Dorset Coast" consists of four hundred odd pages about the people and places that visitors are most likely to want to know. The author excludes nothing that could possibly be of interest, and considering how many subjects he touches on which he is no specialist, he has made a tolerable book on familiar lines. It is not a pure guide, nor a piece of literature, but is the modern blend between information and a personal view. Perhaps this is so often badly done that we are too apt to think the old dry-as-dust methods better. One advantage they certainly had; they made shorter or fuller books. They would not have given eight pages to William Barnes, or if they had, they would not have been such easy reading. In the hands of a good man the new method is a thing to be thankful for. It might have been good for some who practise it, however, and among them Mr. Heath, to have to use the old method. Books like the present look too much like mere expansion of the older kind of guide. But this is what is wanted, and Mr. Heath's book must be well placed in its class.—"A Short History of Southampton" does not seek to please, yet it may well do so. It belongs to a class which needs every encouragement, as it may some day lead to a vital understanding of history. Mr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw is Professor of History at Hartley University College, Southampton; the editor of the second half of the book—"Some Aspects of Town Life"—is Mr. F. Clarke, Professor of Education at the same college, and author of "Hampshire" in the Oxford County Histories. The contributors are not always inspired exponents of the method, but it is a good method. Both these books are fully illustrated.

ON THE WOOL TRACK. By C. E. W. Bean. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

It was whilst he was special commissioner of the *Sydney Morning Herald* in the "Wool Land" that Mr. Bean wrote the remarkable series of articles which are here presented in volume form. Western New South Wales is the scene of most of the industry in wool, which is one of the most important products—if not the most important—of Australia. The sheep has, as it were, called into existence a special type of man, but it is one of the author's chief regrets that it seems now slowly to be dying out. It is a peculiar type, with almost as many vices as virtues, but one which is excellently adapted for its mode of life. Mr. Bean has many good stories to tell of the queer characters he met on his journeys; but we especially like this one: "An old chap we heard of—a man born in the old country—had worked for about twenty years on the same run, and made a good pile. One day he came up to the owner. 'I see they reckon the King's goin' to be crowned next year, sir,' he said. 'Yes, Joe,' said the unsuspecting boss. 'I've always been a loyal man. I guess I must go and see him.' The boss nearly lost his breath; only, being an Australian, he took out his pipe. 'Supposing I said no,' he suggested. 'By ——, I think I'd leave you. I've got to go.' And he did. He was not married. It was as good a use for his money as any other, and he came back when he had spent it." "On the Wool Track" proves that its author is a man to be reckoned with. Mr. Bean is an expert in producing "atmosphere," and he is master of a fluent and natural style. His volume is one of the most readable "serious books" that we have ever encountered.

An Immigrant.
From "On the Wool Track," by C. E. W. Bean. (Alston Rivers.)

A MODERN HUMANIST: Miscellaneous Papers of B. Kirkman Gray. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

Kirkman Gray was the son of a Congregational minister at Blandford in Dorsetshire. After some experience of life as a clerk in a London office, he entered New College (London) with a view to becoming a minister in his father's church. He worked at this for some years, eventually deserting the Congregational communion for that of the Unitarians, and thence entered upon work at the Bell Street Domestic Mission, Edgware Road. In 1905 was published an important work: "A History of English Philanthropy from the Dissolution of the Monasteries to the Taking of the First Census," and in 1908—a year after his death—appeared his "Philanthropy and the State, or Social Politics." In the volume of essays upon various subjects here presented to the public, Mr. Henry Bryan

Binns, the editor, supplies an adequate biographical introduction, which is followed by a short appreciation from the pen of Miss Clementina Black. The papers collected by Mr. Binns number eighteen in all, and they will go far to prove how broad-minded and original a thinker was lost in Kirkman Gray.

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME COOK. By Lucy H. Yates. 2s. 6d. (Rebman.)

Messrs. Rebman have just issued a useful little book by Miss Lucy H. Yates dealing with home cookery. Miss Yates treats the subject in a thoroughly sensible and practical manner. "This book is written especially for home cooks whose means are limited, with the hope of helping them to make the most of their limitations," she says in her brief preface. And after reading her book we realise that it is just possible to have successful cooking in the cottage as in the mansion. The small kitchen—appliances best suited to it, and how to make the most of limited space; the larder; methods of cooking; hints on marketing; the value of thought in selection of food, and of brains in housekeeping—these are a few of the subjects dealt with by Miss Yates in this excellent little handbook, which is rich also in recipes for soups, salads, puddings, cakes, beverages, savoury made-up dishes, sweet desserts, etc., and hints on the treatment of fish, meat, and poultry. The housewife who buys "The Successful Home Cook" will never regret doing so, whether she be experienced or inexperienced.

THE ENGLISH HOME. By Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

It is curious, if one thinks of it, how utterly ignorant many people are of the nature and construction of the houses in which they live. If anything goes wrong, they call in the plumber, the joiner, or the electrician, but they are entirely at their mercy; just as, at an earlier stage, they were at the mercy of the architect and the builder. The Messrs. Fletcher, thinking this a foolish state of affairs, have produced a work which should be of immense value to all who are intending to build, buy, or furnish a house. Written in language easily to be understood by the layman, "The English Home" is a severely practical book. The opening chapter, which sketches the history of English domestic architecture, is a mere concession, and even here the utilitarian point of view predominates. Subsequently that point of view is the only one. Starting with the site of the house, the nature of the soil on which it is meet to live and so on, one is next advised as to prospect and plan. Gradually one sees the outer walls rise, the rooms take shape, then come the fitting, the decorating, and the furnishing. On all these matters the authors, themselves practical architects of reputation, give sage and moderate counsel, telling what should be avoided as well as what should be chosen, weighing pros and cons, estimating costs. No detail, from drains to drawing-room, seems to have been forgotten, and three hundred odd drawings add vastly to the value and lucidity of the book. An interesting feature is the chapter that deals with a number of actual modern English houses, designed by Messrs. Banister Fletcher & Sons themselves, Mr. Lutyens, Mr. Voysey, and other architects. Looking at the photographs that decorate this section, one realises what a serious and fine renaissance is in progress in this particular art.

THE CENTENARY EDITION OF CHARLES DICKENS: Sketches by Boz. 2 vols. **Oliver Twist.** 1 vol. Illustrated by Cruikshank and Phiz. 3s. 6d. each. (Chapman & Hall.)

These are the first three volumes in a new edition of Dickens's works that is to be complete in thirty-six volumes; the various books will contain all the prefaces, dedications, and notices which appeared in them during their author's life, and the illustrations will number some seven hundred altogether. There are twenty-four of Cruikshank's in "Oliver Twist," and fifty-six by Cruikshank and Phiz in the "Sketches." Whatever process has been employed in the reproduction of the famous and indispensable old drawings, they are here reproduced with a clearness and fineness of line that make them look approximately as good as the original prints. Beautifully printed and bound, this Centenary Edition is every way worthy of the occasion, and it has a further claim on all Dickens lovers in that each volume will contain one of the Dickens Testimonial stamps, so that every purchaser may know that a modest super-royalty has been paid on it to the descendants of the man who wrote it.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

Of the three novels which have recently come from Messrs. Digby, Long, we have perhaps been most amused by **The Carven Ball** by John Haslette (6s.). This sort of thing has always had a fascination for us: "Clifford struck out furiously at the first man entering; the spanner descended on the fellow's shoulder, completely crippling it, and was followed by another smashing blow, putting his first antagonist out of action and leaving him free to deal with the second. The latter was disposed of in quite another manner, for the schooner's skipper, who had broken the glass in the skylight above, overbalanced, and came hurtling down on his ally's head with such force as to stun him. Clifford completed the rout by landing a blow on the newcomer. . . ." Improbable, of course; but a writer of the spirit and skill of Mr. Haslette can afford to dispense with the probabilities—especially when there is a mystery on the go. "The Carven Ball" will fill up an hour or so of anybody's time in the most agreeable manner.

Of a very different character is Francis Bancroft's **Richard Beverley** (6s.), which is a strong, but rather sombre, story of life in South Africa. Mr. Bancroft's is a thoroughly sound piece of work, which will appeal equally on account of the difficulties of the subject and the dignity and reticence of the author's treatment.

In **Finola** (6s.), E. O'Connor Morris—a lady, we imagine—makes use of rather an ordinary plot to bring out the lights and shades of life in the Ireland of to-day. The author has a light and sympathetic touch, and her story should be popular.

MESSRS. EDWIN HARRIS & SONS, ROCHESTER.

Mr. Edwin Harris has a more than local reputation as an antiquary and an authority on the literary landmarks of Kent, especially those which relate to the works of Charles Dickens. He is the author and publisher of a number of historical novels, concerned for the most part with ancient Rochester and its worthies. His new romance, **Gundulf the Good; or Saxon Rochester** (1s.), deals with the life and times of Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, famed not only for his charity, but also for his skill as an architect, much of his handiwork remaining to us in the Tower of London, the Norman nave of Rochester Cathedral, part of Rochester Castle, and Malling Abbey. The novel contains many descriptions of historical characters and events, and its love interest centres in the adventures of Sir Hamon des Crepito, formerly a page in the train of William the Conqueror, and the Lady Vida, kinswoman and ward of Harold the Saxon. As an antiquary, Mr. Harris contrives to make his little book of especial interest to lovers of history, and although without any distinctive literary qualities, the story is pleasantly told.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

In her second novel, **Vocation** (6s.), Miss Lily Grant Duff displays some excellent powers of characterisation. The story centres round two women, whose vocations are respectively religious and artistic. It is not without its "problem," which is solved by the author in an original and ingenious manner. Though perhaps a little faulty in construction, the novel is attractively written and makes very pleasant reading.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The author of "Leaves from a Life" follows up her earlier successes with **Leaves from a Garden** (10s. 6d. net), a work which should appeal to a somewhat different public. Exhaling an attractive melancholy, the work under consideration devotes itself principally to the charms of life in "the real country," as compared with life in London. The author has deep artistic sensibilities, and possesses much power of expression, and we warmly recommend this new work of hers to our readers. There are a number of pretty photographs.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Mr. John R. Carling has written a novel which will bring pleasure to the vast number of persons who, many years ago, were

interested and touched by "The Sign of the Cross." In **The Doomed City** (6s.), he brings the days of Nero and of Vespasian as clearly before the reader as if he wrote of his own century. Mr. Carling is student and story-teller both; and while caring for the historical and antiquarian accuracy of his work, he does not forget the needs of a romance. His tale is lively and packed with incident, gaining full value from its setting in the early days of Christianity, yet skilfully avoiding any obvious trace of the history lesson.

Lives there even yet a more vivid hero than Napoleon? Mr. Harold MacGrath's new novel, **A Splendid Hazard** (6s.), is neither historical nor French; it is, indeed, distinctly modern and American, yet the spirit of Napoleon enters into it, and a great-grandson of Napoleon makes some pretty work in it. It can easily be imagined how both Germany and France would be on the alert if a Napoleon claimant were to come within their ken. The hero of this book, who has both American and German blood in his veins, is worth watching; and Mr. MacGrath's spy is capital, as he mildly nets his favourite butterflies and his human spoil at the same time. The tale is well told, lively, and restrained, the men and women are distinct and interesting, and the book is well above the average of the ordinary novel of adventure.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Mr. Thomas Burke, reversing the fashion of the day, has been thoughtful for the elders rather than for the children in his tasteful volume, **The Small People** (2s. 6d. net); and he has selected his book of verses from the poems of many poets, in many centuries; choosing them for their appeal to the lovers of children, and not at all for their appropriateness for the child's bookshelf. Needless to say, however, there is many a poem here which children love also, by reason of its sincerity and its understanding of their young point of view. It is interesting to read such older poets as Henry Vaughan and Andrew Marvell on the subject of childhood, and then compare with them the attitude of mind of the later writers. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have undoubtedly been the ones to draw attention to children, and regard them as something more than immature men and women; and we thank Mr. Burke for this unhackneyed collection of poems inspired by childhood.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

A full yet concise and well-planned history for schools has been written by Mr. S. H. Michell. In **A History of England** (2s. 6d. net) he deals with his subject from the earliest times to the death of Queen Anne; and it is this attention to "the earliest times" which is most noticeable in this altogether praiseworthy school book. All sides of England's deeds and happenings are chronicled and explained in a manner which makes them easy to be grasped by the average schoolboy. A good index and fifteen most enlightening little maps complete a volume which is heartily to be recommended.

New Books of the Month.

FROM AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

AL GHAZZALI.—The Alchemy of Happiness. Translated from the Hindustani by Claud Field. 2s. net (Murray)

Before the Foundations, or Christianity—the Religion of all Worlds. 5s. net .....(Skeffington)

BERGSON, HENRI.—Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. Translated by F. L. Pogson, M.A. 10s. 6d. net ....(Sonnenschein)

CUNNINGHAM, W., D.D., F.B.A.—Christianity and Social Questions. 2s. 6d. net .....(Duckworth)

DAVIDSON, GLADYS.—The Old Testament Story: Told to the Young. With 16 double-tone Illustrations from old masters. 6s. net .....(Laurie)

DAVIES, W. JONES.—The Minister at Work. 3s. 6d. net (Charles H. Kelly, 25–35, City Road, E.C.)

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HOLMES, JOHN HAYNES.—The Proof of Immortality. 1d. (Brit. and For. Unitarian Assoc., Essex St., W.C.)

HOWARD, HENRY.—The Summits of the Soul. 3s. 6d. (Robert Culley, 25–35, City Road, E.C.)

Hundred and Sixth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. With Appendix and List of Subscribers and Benefactors. With Maps. 1s. (to Non-Subscribers). (Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria St., E.C.)

JOHNSON, HOWARD AGNEW.—Scientific Faith. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

JONES, MAURICE, B.D.—St. Paul the Orator: a Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Commentary on the Speeches of St. Paul. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)

KENT, CHARLES FOSTER, Ph.D.—The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets: From the Beginning of the Assyrian Period to the End of the Maccabean Struggle. With Maps and Chronological Charts. 12s. net .....(Hodder & Stoughton)

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The Revelation and the Johannine Epistles. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Alexander Ramsay, B.D., and a Map. 2s. net and 3s. net .....(Melrose)

WARDELL, R. J.—First Lesson in Philosophy. 3s. 6d. net (Culley)

NEW EDITION.

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FICTION.

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